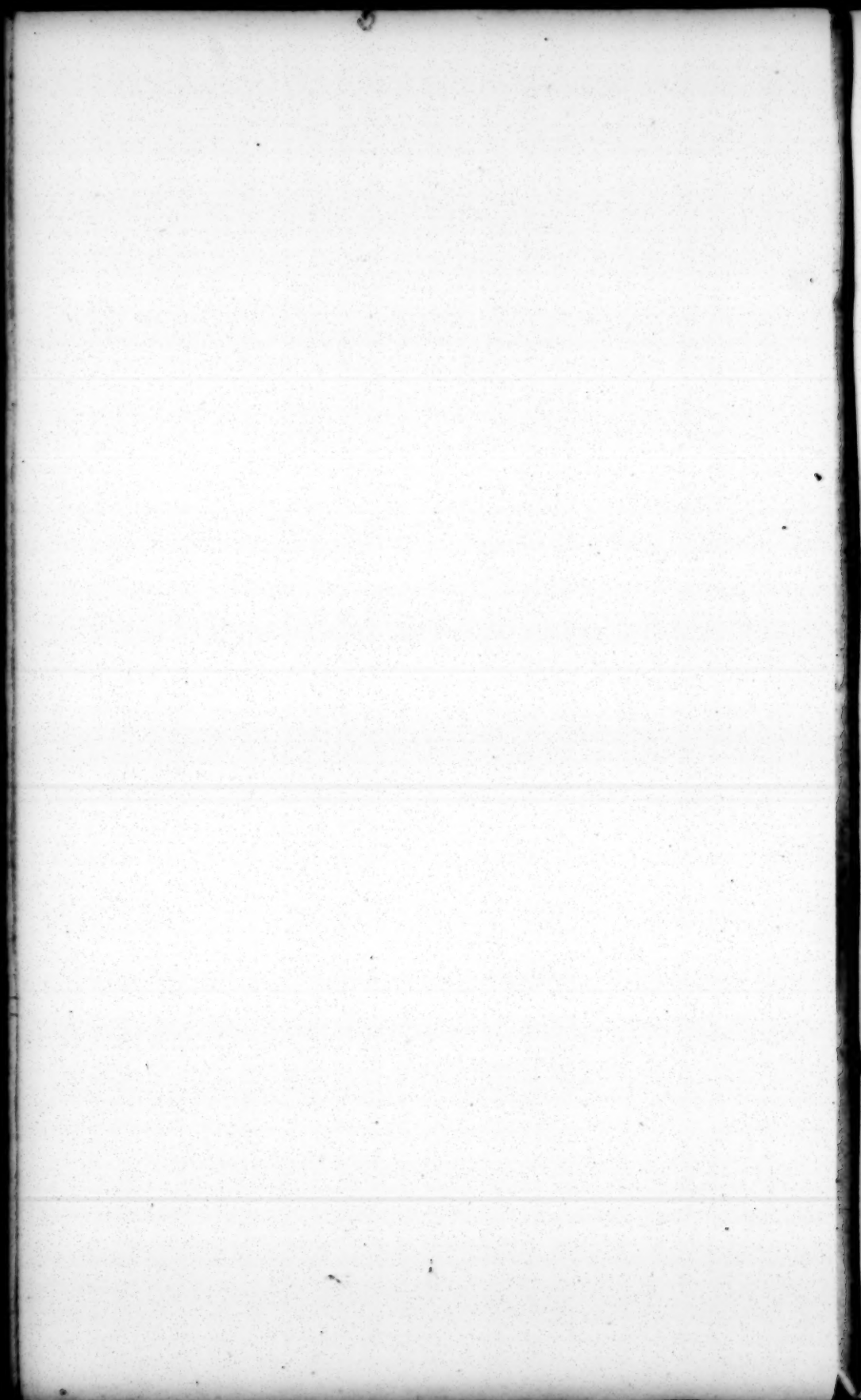


T H E

DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS

I N E N G L A N D.



THE
DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS
IN ENGLAND:
BEING
A CONTINUATION OF
LE DIABLE BOITEUX
OF
LESAGE.

THE SECOND EDITION.

Haud passibus æquis—VIRGIL.

VOL. IV.

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1790.



DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS.

C H A P. XIII.

*The DEVIL upon TWO STICKS conducts
DON CLEOFAS to Westminster-Abbey.*

IT was eleven o'clock the following morning before Asmodeus was at leisure to visit the Count. And soon after they sallied forth from the Hotel, in search of new scenes and subjects of speculative amusement.

“ If I do not exceed the limits prescribed to mortal curiosity,” said Don
VOL. IV. A Cleofas,

Cleofas, permit me to enquire what precious mischief has occupied your worship since our separation." "My principal attention," answered the Demon, "has been paid to a widow lady of quality, of very large fortune; and you will think my commission rather difficult, when I inform you, that it was nothing less than to influence her ladyship to quit the bed of one lover, in order to go immediately to church to be married to another: but her temper, constitution and principles were so well disposed to my purpose, that the business was executed with a degree of ease which forbids me to attribute any merit to myself, in the successful arrangement of it.—For the future, I shall leave this lady to the entire guidance of her own projects: she really wants no assistance of any kind from me."

"But I thought," said Don Cleofas, "that churches were not within your department, and here have you led me into
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one without ceremony, at the very time also, when different services are performing. This, however, I presume, is a day of private devotion; for there appears to me to be more priests than worshippers."

"It is not a place," answered Asmodeus, with a smile, "set apart for the celebration of religious rites, but political ones. This large room contains the different courts of justice, which are now sitting; and all these sauntering people in black gowns, whom you supposed to be engaged in the forms of religion,—are pleading advocates, who would be very glad of a little employment in the forms of their own profession.

"I cannot, however, but observe to you, that the laws of this country are founded on the principles of private security and public happiness; and are administered with great ability, as well as pure justice. The practitioners, indeed, like those of

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every

every other country, are——but this is a subject on which I cannot, at present, enlarge.. The particular member of our fraternity, who presides over this body of men, is the most wicked, litigious and crafty spirit of our whole corps, and I would rather risk a quarrel with a score of my brother Demons, than with him.—I really would not venture, on any account, to particularize even a cobweb in this hall, without his consent first had and obtained. However, as he has been very much obliged by me, on several occasions, I have not the least doubt but he will give me permission, at a future period, to erect a little court of judicature of our own, with sufficient powers to try the lawyers themselves, whom we may summon to the bar. We will, therefore, for the present, quit this busy scene of human contention, and pass on to a place where all contention is at an end;—where the client,—the advocate, and the judge sleep together.

“ This

"This magnificent building," continued Asmodeus, as they entered Westminster-Abbey, "the solemn beauty of whose architecture, with the profusion of its monumental sculpture, is so calculated to inspire the contemplative mind with devout thoughts, is the royal Mausoleum of Great Britain, and a receptacle for the remains and memorials of great men and eminent characters."

"I presume then," said Don Cleofas, "that they alone are permitted to moulder into dust beneath this pavement, or to be celebrated on these walls, who have been pre-eminent for birth, talents, science or virtue; or whose superior services have been thought to deserve the sepulchral eulogium of their country."

"That is not absolutely the case," replied the Demon. "Vanity, you must well know, is oftentimes so very weak, as to extend its folly beyond the limits of
A 3 life;

life; and wealth can always command the posthumous honour of a distinguished grave. The very first monument to the right of us, is of this kind. It covers the remains of a rich old man, and was erected at the expence of his handsome young widow, whom he married about two years before his death. On the top of it you may see an urn, with a weeping Cupid beside it. If, indeed, the sculptor had made him laughing, it would have been more in character; for before his chissel could bring the urchin into shape, to personate her sorrow for her first husband, she had formed one, of a better sort, in her own mould, with the assistance of a second.

“ The marble tablet, in the adjoining space, points out the grave of a country gentleman, and a Member of Parliament; who, on account of something he did which was personally obnoxious to the late King, was forbidden to appear at court;—but to satisfy his wounded pride, he determined

mined to attend his Majesty in this withdrawing room, where no Lord Chamberlain waits to refuse admittance.

“ Beneath the next stone, repose the ashes of a wealthy brewer, whose father drowned himself in a vat of his own beer, and was interred no one knows where. To wipe off this paternal disgrace, the son received the honour of his present sepulture; and each of his three grand-daughters, who now share his fortune, wear a bracelet with the picture of their poor, dear grand-papa, who is buried in Westminster-Abbey. It will, without doubt, make you laugh, when you are informed of their being so habituated to the honour of this circumstance, that one of them has absolutely refused to marry a very amiable man, for no other reason, but because his father was not buried in a church:—For he was a brave officer, and found his grave where he lost his life,—in the field of battle.

“A little further on, a very superb monument offers itself to our attention:—it perpetuates the memory of a man who made a very considerable figure in his day, and the statue which forms a part of it, is a striking resemblance of him. His large fortune was like a plenteous fountain, whose various streams were turned to every quarter where public benefit could be aided or administered by them. What hospital does not bear his name on its tablets?—What contributions were ever proposed, to which he did not present a ready subscription?—What list of benefactions was ever published, in which his generous bounty was not distinguished?—Where was the artist of merit whom he did not encourage?—And genius was never recommended to his protection in vain.

“Nor was his taste inferior to his benevolence. His town-house was the temple of elegance, and his country-seat exhibited all the beauties that art and nature could
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bine to produce ;—where a splendid hospitality was to be found in both. His dress was the envy of fashion, and his chariot rolled through the streets, to arrest, by its eclat, the attention of those who beheld it. But this was not all ;—his poor neighbours blessed him as their benefactor, and some of them were daily fed from his table. I must, however, disappoint your sensibility, by informing you, that this man's heart had not the least concern in the business of his life. He knew nothing of tenderness or sympathy. One sole principle or passion, and a very powerful one it proved to him, governed all his actions, and that was *ostentation*. He loved the homage,—the flattery, and the public attention which his conduct was so well calculated to acquire. He never visited the secret corners of misery, where humble, blushing merit sits despondent, and dares not tell its sorrows. The trumpeter, as it were, proclaimed his good deeds, and all the pride of the Pharisee accompanied

his charitable offerings. The artist whom he rewarded, must sound forth the praises of his protector; and the man of genius must offer the fulsome dedication to his patron, in return for his patronising favour. His hospitality may be traced to the same source, and all his varied elegance derived from the same origin. They who asked favours of him in public, were seldom denied,—and they who sought his kindness in private, as seldom obtained their wishes.

“ Such was the spirit of this singular man; and, strange as it may appear, while it encouraged him in extravagance, it saved him from ruin. It had a two-fold object, present eclat and posthumous honour;—and the idea of leaving a large portion of his wealth to build a college that might perpetuate his name, prevented him from intruding upon that fortune which was to form a fund for such an interesting purpose.

“ The

“ The statue you now see was executed during his life, in order that the likeness might be better ascertained, and was destined by its original, to occupy a vestibule of the building which was to crown his fame. But with all his care and attention to this object, his posthumous project was disappointed by a legal decision. His heirs opposed the design,— some particular defect in the expressions of his will, were so interpreted, as to favour their claim, and the law confirmed it; so that the favourite object of this man’s life, the thought of whose completion consoled, in some measure, his dying hours, was entirely defeated; and this statue, which was to have been the subject of classic orations, and to have received the grateful homage of eleemosynary science, will be suffered to moulder away in the niche of a sepulchral monument, instead of gracing for ages, an emblematic pedestal beneath the stately dome of collegiate magnificence.

“ Just beyond, is a monument of small dimensions, but elegant design, and whose only decorations are a mask, a dagger and a wreath of laurel. Its inscription informs the reader that an adjoining grave encloses the remains of one of the most celebrated actresses of the British theatre. But the fine lessons of virtue which she was wont to repeat on the stage, did not influence her conduct off it. She quitted her husband at an early period of her life, and lived with another man to the close of it. This circumstance so far prevailed over all her theatrical talents and personal accomplishments, as to keep her at a distance from any society but of her own profession. Death, however, seems to level the moral as well as civil distinctions, and she and now sleeps undisturbed, with Queens, Duchesses and Dames of Honour.

“ At the foot of that pyramidical marble, with an extinguished lamp on the top of it, lies an old maid of fortune and distinction.

tion. It was her daily boast that she had refused some of the first and handsomest men in the kingdom ; being determined to live independent of that tyrant monster called an husband. Other evils however, overtook her, and at the age of forty-five, she was afflicted with a dropsy, which, according to the report of the time, she caught of her groom of the chambers. At the end of nine months, the disorder grew to such an height, as to require surgical aid ; and this chaste virgin absolutely died under the operation.

“ An urn profusely adorned with flowers, emblems of the transient pleasures of life, marks the sepulchre of one who was the victim of them. His father died when he was very young, and a mother’s foolish indulgence encouraged him in all the habits of self-will, vanity and extravagance, till it was too late to destroy them. While he was a child, the servants had orders never to contradict him, and his preceptor

tor was forbidden even to threaten any offence with punishment. At the university he disdained all rule and restraint ; he dressed well, drank hard, kept his hunters, and gave a very promising prospect of the part he would fill when he should enter upon the theatre of the town. His foreign travels were productive of no improvements but a smattering of French, the manners of a dancing-master, and a loss of all the little principle he carried with him.

On his return home, he commenced the character of a fashionable debauchee.— His house became a seraglio of every class of prostitutes ; he had an artful procuress, constantly in his service, and he employed his fortune, his time and his attentions, in varying the modes and inventing refinements of sensual pleasure. His wealth was wasted in purchasing them, and his constitution was ruined in the excessive enjoyment of them. At the age of thirty-one,
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he became the victim of his follies; and having left a thousand pounds to a club which he had himself instituted, the members of it very generously voted a part of it to purchase him a grave in this distinguished repository, and to erect a monument to his memory, whose inscription kindly gives him every virtue he did not possess.

“ That reclining figure supported by an angel, represents a character who may be said, in some degree, to redeem the depravity of his worthless neighbour. He performed every private and public duty of life in a manner to gain the respect of men, and the applause of Heaven. He employed his understanding when he was young, to acquire that knowledge, and possess himself of those qualifications, which would give utility and grace to his more advanced life.

“ When he entered upon the theatre of the world, he considered that he had a
part

part to act, which it became him to perform with honour to himself and advantage to society. He was a faithful husband, a kind parent, a sincere friend, and an humane man. As a companion, he was chearful and instructive; as a senator, firm and independent; as a magistrate, just without severity; and as a Christian, pious without ostentation. His failings he had laboured to correct and conceal,—they were known only to himself, and that all-seeing Power who will pass them over to reward his virtues. To their reward he is gone; and an only son, who followed him with inexpressible affliction to his tomb, commanded this monument to be erected, for the purpose of recording those virtues which it is the object of his life to imitate.

“Immediately to the left of us,” continued the Demon, “a vast expence of sculpture, and a long strain of inscriptive compliment, has been thrown away upon the
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the most arrant shrew that ever blasted the happiness of matrimonial life, and who died from breaking a blood vessel, as she was venting her passion against the best husband in the world. That worthy man being asked by one of his friends concerning the motives which had induced him to be so splendid in decorating the grave of one who had so cruelly embittered his days, replied, without hesitation, ' That it was the custom of all civilized nations to bestow on their enemies, who fell in battle, the rites of an honourable sepulture.'

" But this superb monument," said Don Cleofas, " in which all the skill of the chissel seems to have been exerted, has escaped your notice. From the costliness and variety of its decorations, some one, I should suppose, of superior rank or excellence is interred beneath it." " Your conjecture, my good friend," answered the Demon, " is equally natural and erroneous."

roncous. The object of all this useless parade was a low-born, ill-bred, and a very despicable character, who raised a considerable fortune by all the practices of legal villainy. Nor would his remains have been suffered to disgrace the spot where they lie, had not his heir employed a sculptor, who being a near relation to the wife of a Prebendary of the church, the lady prevailed on her husband to obtain permission to prostitute this consecrated place, in order that her cousin might secure a profitable job.

“ The mitre, the crozier and an expanded volume on the adjoining tomb, denote the ecclesiastical rank of him who sleeps beneath. He was raised, by a combination of fortunate circumstances, from the lowest class of priesthood, to the highest dignity of the church. But neither a sense of his humble origin, nor the doctrines of that religion it was his duty not only to teach but to practise, could preserve him

him from rendering his dignity odious by haughty demeanour, exterior pomp, and private avarice. His character is divided between pride and meanness; and though the former might have been wounded at the reflection that one of his female relations was a servant in a public charity, near the place of his residence, the latter would not suffer him to place her in a better and more honourable station. They are, however, both gone where the distinctions of this world are at an end; and as the Bishop cannot travel to Heaven in his coach and six, I am rather of opinion, that the poor neglected woman will get there before him.

“ Just beyond the Bishop, the remains of a well-known miser are honoured with the mockery of a costly sepulchre. The extravagance of his whole life, and it was a very long one, did not equal the expence of the marble which covers him. The
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cornucopias that adorn it, are not the emblems of his character, but of the profusion with which his wealth is now lavished away. The young man who was his heir, and erected this elegant memorial to his benefactor, is living in all the extravagance of fashionable life. In a very short time his cornucopia will be exhausted

“ The blue stone in the pavement, with a coat of arms engraved on it, marks the burying place of a jovial younger brother, of good family, whose frequent libations to the God of Wine, hastened his retreat from the world. He was used to justify his intemperance by the declaration, that whenever he went to bed sober, he never failed to dream of the Devil: so that the apprehension of this nocturnal vision consigned him, at an early period, to that place of repose where no dreams will infest his slumbers.

“ One

“ One might be disposed to think that this vast display of military trophies crowned the gate of an arsenal. They are, however, as you see, appropriated to a different purpose, and adorn the tomb of a general officer in the British service. The inscription tells you that his regiment performed wonders in Germany, and that to its extraordinary exertions and unparalleled bravery, on a particular occasion, a very complete victory was obtained for its country. But it does not tell, that, while his regiment was suffering extreme hardships abroad, he was living in great comfort at home on the pay of it.

“ That urn, with a serpent twining round it, perpetuates the memory of a very celebrated physician. He practised, for many years, among the first people of this metropolis, with great success and reputation; his death, however, was occasioned by a medicine which he prescribed for himself: so that the line of the Latin poet

poet may be well applied to this disciple of *Æsculapius*:

‘ Non profunt Domino, quæ profunt omnibus artes.’

“ The tablet before us, adorned with a lyre, entwined with laurel, is sacred to the memory of a man whose superior talents qualified him for the highest station, while the simplicity of his character and the goodness of his heart, kept him in the lowest. Having been cheated out of a small patrimony, he was obliged to depend for support by becoming a drudge of the press. But as his earnings were but little, and his improvidence great, he lived in a comparative state of penury; and when he died, did not leave sufficient to procure him a decent burial: nor could one bookseller be found of the many who had profited by his labours, to save him from the disgrace of a parochial interment. But the base insensibility of those men who had gained by selling his works, was redeemed by the pious benevolence of many

who had received pleasure from reading them. A gentleman of known humanity and learning, being informed of this calamitous example of indigent genius, immediately commenced a subscription, which, in a few hours, was sufficient to give to departed merit an honourable grave in this place ; and to inscribe a marble with that name, which will live when the marble itself is mouldered into dust.

“ At the foot of the opposite pillar, a small stone, which is scarce distinguishable from the rest of the pavement, marks the grave of a man of good family, who restored an encumbered fortune by marrying the heiress of a very wealthy merchant.— She had, indeed, qualities of a more lasting nature than riches, for they now support her in poverty. Her husband was sensible of her merit, and attached to her person ; but he loved play, and, in a few years, was entirely ruined. This amiable woman, however, who had foreseen what might happen,

happen, had contrived to economise about five thousand pounds, and when he unfolded his ruined situation, she told him of the little provision she had made; and suggested that by turning all their moveables into money, there was yet sufficient to give comfort to retired life. He embraced her with the most grateful affection, promised to arrange matters for their immediate departure into the country, and received her little hoarded treasure to deposit at a banker's. He left her in comfort, and while she looked forward with pleasure to that tranquillity which she had never enjoyed in the fashionable world, she indulged herself with the hope, that being at a distance from the seductions of the town, the understanding and amiable qualities of her husband would recover their tone,—and that they should live happier together beneath a wooded hill, in Devonshire, than in Cavendish Square.—He had promised to come back immediately; but dinner waited, and he did not return;

return; supper was delayed, but he did not appear; midnight arrived, and he was still absent. The poor afflicted lady dreaded what she thought the worst, but worse than that happened.—Instead of carrying the unexpected present his wife had made him to a place of security, the imprudent man went to the gaming-house, with the mad hope of restoring his affairs by one successful effort;—and that failing,—he attempted to return home,—but despair met him on the way, and he died by his own hand.

“ And is it possible that the remains of a suicide,” said Don Cleofas, “ is permitted in this country to moulder in consecrated earth ? ” “ The law,” answered Asmodeus, “ not only forbids such an indulgence, but condemns the corpse of the offender to be buried in the public way, and in the most ignominious manner. The Judge and Jury, however, who are appointed on such occasions, contrive, in general,

neral, to satisfy their consciences, by resolving such acts, especially when they are committed by persons of fashion or fortune, into the effects of lunacy; which being an affliction of God, cannot be construed into a crime, and therefore, allows of honourable sepulture. At the same time, it becomes me, in justice, to observe, that this evasion of the law does not proceed from any contempt of it, but a false notion of humanity that supercedes it.— This country is supposed, though, by the bye, very erroneously, to present more examples of suicide than any other;— but be that as it may, if a self-murderer of high rank, should, for once, be buried in the high-way, with all the disgraceful circumstances commanded by the law, the crime in question would not, I believe, be heard of for some time to come.

“ On the other side of the same pillar, lies a gallant young officer, who should have died, for his honour, in the field of battle,

battle, but he fell ingloriously in a duel, which arose from a dispute in a common brothel, about a woman of the town.

“ That coronet which graces the centre of a pediment, supported by columns of coloured marble, informs us that some deceased person, of noble rank, claims the honour of the monument which it is designed to decorate. He received also a premature death from an ignoble hand.

“ He was a nobleman of antient name and large estate ;—on entering into life, he made a very wise resolution to avoid the gaming table ; and from a violent love of play, was, in a few years, obliged to put his estate to nurse, and to allow himself no more than a fourth part of the revenues, ’till it was freed from its oppressive incumbrances. His Lordship then formed another wise resolution, which was to live with economy,—to make the re-establishment of his fortune the principal object of

his life, and, at all events, to preserve his independence. But it so happened, that, in a very short time, his embarrassments were so increased, and his reserved revenue so reduced, that he was glad to obtain an appointment to a profitable post under government. But his resolutions were not always broken, for he had made one, which was never to suffer himself to be robbed on the high-way ; and that, at least, he maintained with a manly spirit ; for after having killed two highwaymen, who stopped his chaise on Hounslow-Heath, he was himself shot by a third.

“ In that basso relieve,” continued the Demon, “ you must observe the figure of Liberty, with a lion couched by her side, and the Roman fasces, entwined with a civic wreath, at her feet. These emblems decorate the tomb of a man who made himself known by affecting the character of superior patriotism.

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“ He was born to a large fortune, and educated with all the advantages which his station might be thought to demand. A public school and the university prepared him for foreign travel, and a tour through the principal parts of Europe, fitted him for the world. Among other excellent qualifications which he had acquired to grace his early career, he possessed a very strong propensity to play, and in the indulgence of it, soon loaded, with no trifling incumbrance, the patrimony which his ancestors had left him. A fortunate marriage, however, in some measure, restored his affairs, and a second Hymen entirely relieved them; when, happening to be bit by a mad politician, he commenced patriot, harangued in public, fomented opposition to ministers in private, subscribed liberally to the support of all anti-ministerial associations, and announced his principles as founded on Roman virtue and Spartan simplicity. Nevertheless, this mirror of undefiled patriotism, was

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member of a gaming club, would play at whist for fifty pounds a corner, and suffered his wife to roll about, a painted, fantastic figure, in the most gaudy *vis-à-vis* in town. A paralytic stroke put an end to his active exertions in the cause of freedom; but his widow still continues a firm friend to every branch of *civil liberty*.

‘ If beauty,—if innocence, if rare talents and superior knowledge,—if all the winning graces of exterior manners,—if all the accomplishments of polished life, heightened by gentleness, humility and benevolence, could have turned aside the dart of fate, this marble would not have told Amelia’s virtues, and forced the lamenting sigh from all who read its melancholy record of them.’

“ Such is the inscription which interests the sympathetic passenger, as he looks on the beautiful monument immediately before us. It has been lately erected to perpetuate

petuate the memory of a young lady, who died in the South of France, by a fond and doating father, who was so blinded by his affection for this darling child, that he never suspected the intrigue she carried on with his valet de chambre, before she was seventeen; and that an improvident use of cosmetics, made him childless before she was twenty.

“ That small oval of black marble, with a white escutcheon upon it, beneath the window, sanctifies the memory of a virgin lady, whose brave contempt of death, might elevate her to rank with the most heroic of her sex.

“ She was not, by any means, eminent for beauty, but was considered as the finest dancer of the time in which she lived.— It is, therefore, almost superfluous to add, that she was extremely fond of that polite exercise, from whence she derived such universal admiration. But having re-

ceived an hurt in her right foot, from treading on a nail, she inflamed the wound to such a degree, by dancing three successive nights, that a mortification took place, and the consulting surgeons declared it to be their opinion, that nothing but an amputation of the limb could preserve her life. On this alarming circumstance being communicated to the lady, she summoned several of her nearest relations and best friends to her bed-side; and with great calmness informed them, that as her principal consequence and pleasure in life had been derived from the use of both her legs, she would much rather die than submit to the loss of one of them. This resolution she maintained in spite of every remonstrance; and, in a short time, that master of the ceremonies, called Death, conducted her to make one of his assembly in this place.

“ The monument just beyond, which is enriched with all the various emblems
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of jurisprudence, perpetuates the name of a man, who may, with great justice, be considered as a phœnomenon of his age and country; for it is an absolute fact, that he practised the law near forty years, and closed his life in his perfect mind, and with an untroubled conscience." "His remains," answered Don Cleofas, "may be with great propriety deposited in this place:— But the monument which relates his virtues, and incites posterity to follow his example, should have been erected in Westminster - Hall, instead of Westminster-Abbey."

"Your observation," replied the Demon, "is equally shrewd and just; but I should suppose that you are, by this time, completely satisfied, if not fatigued, with your visit to the tombs. I will, therefore, just give you a glimpse of the ghosts which occupy some of them, and we will then proceed to renew our observations in the living world." He had no sooner spoken, than

Don Cleofas beheld, though not without some alarm, a great number of phantoms clad in the apparel of death, and wandering about the different parts of the church.

“ I observe,” said the Count, “ a ghost, as I should imagine, of some one, who when he bid adieu to life, left some exalted station in it. He still preserves an air of superior dignity, and is regarding with profound attention, a superb monument, which I should judge, from its costly magnificence, to have been erected rather as a memorial of some great national event, than as a tribute of honour to any particular individual, however distinguished by rank or fortune.” “ Your conjectures,” answered Asmodeus, “ are perfectly well directed. That is the ghost of one of the greatest men who ever appeared on the theatre of the world. He was, for some time, the minister of this country ; and, during his administration, by the exertion of his superior talents, and, without deviating,

ating, for a moment, from the exalted course of patriotic integrity which he had marked out for himself, he raised the British name to an height of glory, which dimmed the splendour of the brightest periods of the world.

“ But the base ambition of inferior men, who could not brook the inflexible superiority of his character, aided by the powers of faction, party and corruption, forced him, as it were, from the helm, and endeavoured to cloud the lustre of his great name, when he withdrew indignant to that retirement in which he closed his venerable life. On his death, the representative wisdom of the nation voted his remains a public burial, among its kings in this place, and erected that superb monument to his memory, as a magnificent memorial of its gratitude for the services he had done, and the glory he had acquired for his country. That monument he now contemplates,—and derives from

thence the consolation of his present state."

"But I see a little phantom," said the Count, "bustling about from one part of the church to the other, and occasionally addressing himself to some one or other of his brother spirits."

"That is," answered Asmodeus, "the ghost of a comedian, and the most celebrated actor that ever appeared on the British stage. His professional merit was very transcendant; and his vanity kept pace with it. Nay, that passion, if I may use a bold metaphor, continues to live with him in death; and, at the season when departed souls are permitted to communicate with each other, his sole employment is to enquire of the newly arrived ghosts, if they can inform him when the monument will be finished that is to be erected to his memory.

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“ That huge spectre, whose air and gait mark no common discomposure, was a colossus of human literature, whose talents and writings have ranked him among the first names of his country. But he has just been informed, that a lady, at whose house he was for many years a frequent guest, has, from a most unpardonable vanity, written and published memoirs of her friend; in which she describes him as *a monster of absurdity*, in order to prove that he was, according to her own expression, *the first of perishable beings*.

“ The ghost who is looking with so much attention at his own monument near the door, was a very sad fellow in his day; and as he reads the laboured eulogium of those virtues which he never possessed, he shakes his head, and says to himself, ‘ What liars these tomb-stones are!’

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“There is another Spirit,” said Don Cleofas, “who seems to be actuated by similar sentiments; for he looks up to a very elegant monument in a manner as if the object does not afford him any particular satisfaction.” “It was, nevertheless,” answered Asmodeus, “erected to do him honour. He was an author of great merit; but, from an habitual inattention to the common affairs of life, he suffered the various vicissitudes of it, and died from an intemperate indulgence of extreme hunger. His present melancholy opinion is, that, if his friends and admirers had given him the money when alive, which they have expended upon his tomb, he should, at this time, have been a living substance, instead of a departed shade.”

“But I see three ghosts,” said the Count, “who seem to be holding a mournful conference together, beneath the arch to the left of us.” “They are,” answered the Demon, “the successive husbands

bands of the same woman, who made no distinction between them, but behaved with equal duty, affection and tenderness to them all. She absolutely broke the hearts of the first and second; and the third, hurrying from his chamber in the dark, to avoid the tempest of her tongue, fell down stairs, and broke his neck. They are now mutually expressing their hopes, that when the amiable woman dies, she may not be buried in this church:—They are afraid of her even in the grave.

“ That phantom which appears to be watching the door, is influenced by a very different sentiment. He has not been long an inhabitant of this place; and, during his last illness, his beautiful young wife attended him with such affectionate care, and seemed to be so extremely grieved at his approaching fate, that every one who saw her, apprehended the truth of her own frequent declaration,—that she should not long survive an husband she adored, and
whose

whose last moments were at once soothed and distressed by that idea. He has, therefore, been continually expecting the arrival of her shade ; but his expectations will not be quickly satisfied :—Like the Dame of Ephesus, she has already found a consolation for his loss in the arms of another husband.

“ And now,” added the Demon, “ we will take our leave of these shadowy inhabitants of the tomb, and return to that busy scene of life which, after all, is little more than the road to it.”

CHAP.

C H A P. XIV.

The DEVIL upon Two STICKS and DON CLEOFAS visit several of the fashionable Morning Lounges, &c. &c.

AS they entered the Park, they saw an old man, in a red coat, of a very singular physiognomy, looking from a window. "That person," said the Demon, "is well worth your attention; and as we pass, I would recommend you to cast a glimpse of observation towards him. He has been the cause of a great deal of popular bustle and confusion in his day.

"Without any real virtue,—nay, with a character notorious for profligacy,—with abilities, which acquired reputation rather

rather from the daring manner in which they were employed, than from their own strength ; and at a time when he had dissipated his fortune and was loaded with debts,—he raised himself into importance by his political writings against an unpopular minister ; and the violent prosecution which he suffered, as the author of them, made him the most popular man in the kingdom. The whole strength of ministerial power was exerted against him ; and though he felt the vengeance of the law, he was consoled by the regard of the people, and after a long course of difficulty and obstruction, obtained the final victory. Nay, he had conducted himself with so much art and understanding, as to persuade a great part of the people that their welfare was connected with his welfare ; and, that their liberty depended on his liberty. His debts, therefore, to a considerable amount, were paid by public subscription ;—he was returned to Parliament by great majorities ; and rose through the quick-

quicken'd gradations of inferior office, to the chief magistracy of the metropolis.

“ But when this strange fury of the people began to subside, and their reason recovered its usual state of tranquil reflection, the idol appeared no longer worthy of the idolatry ;—the mask of patriotisin no longer hid the lurking form of self-interest, and he was making fast into neglect and poverty, when the death of his parliamentary colleague occasioned some popular circumstances, which brought him, for a moment, to something of his former importance ; and he did not fail to employ the fortunate occasion for his advantage. A popular lucrative office at this time became vacant, which he was elected to fill ; and as he executes its duties with attention and fidelity, he will, probably, enjoy it to the end of his days. They, indeed, are now drawing nigh to a period that his enterprising spirit and wonderful

derful fertility of resource will not enable him to protract.

“ Though mankind have long known the secret of his character, yet, as he has been the instrument of some public good, and has, at times, suffered severely for the cause which he espoused, they, in general, consider him with a kind of friendly complacency, and are rather disposed to promote, than oppose the present support of his declining life. While he, housed as it were from the storm, regards the people whom he has duped, with sentiments of gratitude, rather than those of contempt. At the same time, he beholds nothing, on a review of his life, which can beget a momentary wish in his breast, that when the curtain drops, the drama may not be concluded for ever. Having lived without any very strong propensity to believe that there is a God in this world, the worthy gentleman is, by no means, inclined

inclined to suppose, that there is a Devil in the next."

"On that question," said the Count, "I shall not attempt to speculate:—My attention is, at present, better engaged; and I shall request you to satisfy it, by informing me concerning the three gentlemen who are fauntering towards us, and whose stars and ribbons proclaim their superior rank and distinction."

"They are," answered Asmodeus, "a trio of very amiable noblemen, who occupy posts of honour about the person of the King. There must be men for all stations,—ministers to conduct the public affairs,—divines to rule the church,—soldiers and sailors,—lawyers and physicians,—citizens and courtiers:—these Lords are fortunately of the latter denomination, and do honour to their employments. Indeed, their brains are formed for no better purpose than to evaporate in the
chit-

chit-chat of a levee, or the ceremonies of a drawing-room.

“ The conversation of the two persons standing between the trees, to the right of us,” said the Demon, “ is of a very singular nature. It is a noble Lord and his son, who are forming a little domestic arrangement, that manifests the very pleasant, unrestrained manner in which these near relations live together. You must know then, that they are, both of them, fond of the same woman ; and they are now actually engaged in settling the nights of their respective visits to her, that they may, in future, have no apprehensions of any awkward interruption from each other.”

“ Do you see a tall lady just before us,” said Asmodeus, “ with a fry of children about her ?” “ Most certainly I do,” answered the Count ; “ some happy mother I suppose, who is at once giving exercise, health and pleasure to her charming little family.”

family." "She may be a mother in good time," replied Asmodeus; "but at present the lady is a pure, and to say the truth, almost a stale virgin: Nay she is, at this moment, making love with all her might. As you see no young man or indeed any thing like a man, within reach of her, you may not very readily conceive the practicability of the business; but though none of the children are Cupids, they actually serve the purpose, at present, of the little God of soft desire.

"I must inform you then, that this lady is of a noble family, and has been employed in the service of the Court, from whence she derives an handsome pension, and where she is supposed to possess some degree of confidential regard. Now, as her ladyship is advancing rather hastily toward the middle stage of life; and as it has been a growing opinion with her, that there is no real comfort but such as proceeds from an happy matrimonial establishment.

blishment,—she has, of late, turned her thoughts, with more than usual anxiety, to that important object. Accordingly, under the influence of this encreasing propensity, she has taken it into her head that a worthy and wealthy Earl, who is the widowed father of these children, would make her a most excellent husband; and she is now employing all her arts, to put it into his head, that she would make him a most excellent wife. For this purpose, but under the pretext of her having been the friend of their late mother,—she daily sends for the younger part of his family, whom she caresses, instructs, and, in a great measure, governs. In short, from the manner in which she conducts herself towards them, she appears to possess so large a share of the maternal virtues, that the father of the children, according to her original wish, will shortly take it into his head to make her the mother of them.”

“ But

“ But with what cruel violence,” exclaimed Don Cleofas, “ has that poor gentleman been just thrown from his horse !” “ It is a very severe fall indeed,” said the Demon ; “ but with all your tenderness of disposition, I have my doubts, when you come to know the real cause of this disaster, whether you will be very much disposed to pity him.” “ Misfortunes,” replied the Count, “ be they what they may,—and from whatever source they may proceed, have a natural claim to the feelings of humanity.” “ Though I do not perfectly agree with my friend,” said Asmodeus, “ I shall not dispute with him on the subject, but relate the singular, and, in my mind, the ridiculous cause of that misfortune which has happened in our fight.

“ The unfortunate gentleman who has just been dismounted in such a disagreeable manner, from his palfrey, is a very worthy man of fortune, who is blessed by

nature with an admirable constitution, which a strange infatuation that possesses him, has long been endeavouring to destroy; not, indeed, by intemperance in wine or women, nor from study or hazardous exercises, but, which you will scarce believe, from a rage of taking physic.—Altho' his health is without a demand upon the apothecary's shop, all his actions are, more or less, influenced by a medicinal regimen which is now become the rule of his life. He empties a certain number of phials every day at stated periods, and on the regularity of these medicinal meals, for they deserve no better name, all his comforts and enjoyments depend.—Any little irregularity in taking his allotted draught, will afflict him with no common vexation; but if from any strange combination of events, there should be an accidental omission of it, nothing can remedy the severe misfortune, but the blessed assistance of a consultation of physicians.

Some

“ Some very ridiculous circumstances have happened to him from this strange propensity to drugs ; and, for your amusement, I will relate three or four of them.

“ He once paid his addressee to a very handsome young woman, and matters were so far arranged between them, that the writings were almost compleated ; when, one fine morning, he put an end to the business, in a most violent rage, because the lady told him, that he smelt like an apothecary’s shop.—He was obliged, not many months ago, to pay a considerable sum, in order to hush a prosecution which had been commenced against him, by an apothecary’s apprentice, whom he had beaten in a very unmerciful manner, for having, by mistake, tied the labels of the morning draughts, on the phials which contained his evening medicine.

“ Indeed, such is his thirst after what is the general aversion of mankind, that

he cannot resist the temptation of taking medicine of any kind, which he may occasionally meet with. Hence it is, that he is constant visitor to his indisposed and sick friends; and as others frequently visit people for the sake of their dinners or their wine, he goes to see his acquaintance for the sake of their physic. During the last winter, however, in one of his luxurious attendances in a sick chamber, he was thought to have taken his last draught.—He could not resist the temptation of a medicine he saw on a table, by the bedside of a gentleman, who was cruelly afflicted with the stone; and, unluckily, it proved a very strong dose of laudanum, from whose narcotic effects he was with difficulty recovered.

“Nor is this all:—He speaks of medicinal compounds with the air, and in the tone of science. Nor will you hear a professed connoisseur talk with more importance, affectation, or delight of the
fine

fine arts, than he does of the various merits of Galenical compositions. In a tour he made, during the last summer, his travelling medicinal chest being exhausted, he was obliged to have recourse to the apothecary of a provincial town, whose medicines gave him such entire satisfaction, that he made him a present of a bank-note, on account of his superior taste and genius in medical chemistry.

“ On his return from this morning’s ride, the Horse-Guards clock informed him, that it was ten minutes after the regulated time for his noon-tide draught. He, therefore, forced his horse into unusual speed, and the consequence of his haste has been the accident which we have just witnessed. In order to hurry home, for the purpose of taking medicine which he did not want, he has received a shock, which will render the application of it absolutely necessary for several months to come. He has, however, this consolation,

that his phyfic will now, at least, be of some service to him."

"When he dies," said Don Cleofas, smiling, "the apothecaries, I trust, will erect, a monument to such a rare benefactor.—But here are objects more attractive; and I cannot pass by that charming little woman in a blue bonnet, without a partial observation. Besides, she is not content with discovering one of the loveliest faces I ever saw, but has arranged her lower garments in such a manner, as to display a foot and ankle of the most alluring proportions."

"She is," answered the Demon, "an unhappy female, who, like many of her sex, has experienced that beauty, which is such a general object of desire and envy, may, sometimes, prove to be a very great misfortune indeed, to those who possess it.—She is of a very good family—ran away with a young officer when she was
fix-

sixteen, and having lived six months happily, and four years miserably with him, he took an opportunity of going to the East-Indies, and died during the voyage. As he left her without support, she was obliged to return to her mother, who had retired to live on a small jointure, in a distant part of the kingdom.

“ While this lady lived with her husband in all the gaiety of the metropolis, she attracted the notice, and inflamed the desires of a nobleman, notorious for his libidinous passions, and the disgraceful manner in which he indulges them.— While, however, the husband was present, his Lordship’s prudence, or, perhaps, his fears, kept him back from forming any plan to seduce this lovely object of his brutal habits; but no sooner was he informed that she had taken refuge in a maternal roof, than he contrived a project to seduce her from thence; and a woman whom he supported, for similar purposes,

was the shameless agent of the infernal design.

“ For this purpose, she was furnished with all the requisite exterior of a widow of genteel fortune, and sent down in that fictitious character, to the town in Wales, where the young lady and her mother resided: On her arrival she took the best apartments the place afforded, soon contrived to introduce herself to their acquaintance, and by the particular attentions she paid, and the kindness she shewed them, won so far upon their regard, as to become their inseparable companion and bosom friend. Fabricated letters were expressly written from London; and every other art employed to support her importance, and give this infamous pander of her profligate master, the appearance of every thing she was not.

“ After remaining a few months in the country, the time approached when she
must

must return to town. It was now become a very easy matter to persuade the young lady to accompany her to pass the winter in London,—nor did it prove a matter of any great difficulty to gain the mother's consent to such an arrangement. Accordingly, they set out for the capital, and during the journey, the thoughtless victim was prepared for the sacrifice, by the artful conversation, and insidious manœuvres of the beldame who conducted her.

“On their arrival in town, they proceeded to the pretended house of this woman's brother, who was a partner in the contrivance, and which was nothing better than a notorious brothel. For prudential reasons, and under some ready pretence, that place was immediately exchanged for lodgings, and there his impatient Lordship was first introduced, as the most amiable of men, to this devoted beauty. The business, however, was not so easily completed as he had been made to expect;

and it was not till after a succession of artifice had been employed, which a Devil of honour like myself cannot think of without abhorrence, that she could be persuaded to submit herself to his desires.

“ But this noble seducer is mean in the indulgence of his leading passions, and a very niggard even in purchasing his favourite pleasures. He had already expended a sum of money which he had never before risked on a similar occasion, to bring this unhappy woman to his arms and when he found reluctance in her embraces, and heard repentance in her sighs, he cursed his extravagant bargain, and left her for those willing and uncostly prostitutes, which are better adapted to the penurious principles of his seraglio. Nor was it till after a long series of application in every form, and till she was reduced to something like extreme distress, that he sent her a supply scarce sufficient to pay
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the expences of a common conveyance to her mother in Wales. But the manner in which she returned, and the circumstances that had taken place since her departure, produced such a change in the old lady's conduct towards her, that she could not support a life in which no hour past without mortification and reproach; and she accordingly took the advice of a young gentleman in the neighbourhood, to accompany him to the metropolis. She has since suffered much of that distress which, at some time or other, is sure to wait upon frail and unprotected beauty; and it is but very lately that she has been able to raise her head above the most afflicting state of wretchedness and want.—At present, however, she is engaged in an employment that gives her bread, and in which her industry enables her to support herself, without having recourse to those wretched compliances, which form the lowest ebb of female misfortune.”

“Beauty, I must own,” said Don Cleofas, “has such a powerful effect upon me, that I verily believe, there is no crime, however heinous, that would possess the power of extinguishing my pity for it.—But in such an example of female distress, as you have just related, the want of commiseration would be a dishonour as great, in my opinion, as that which demands it. I must, however, beg of you to inform me, what kind of reception you will give to this unprincipled and unfeeling brute of a Lord, when Death consigns him to the clutches of your master.”

“It is not for me,” answered the Demon, “to unfold the secrets of our infernal kingdom: but as my obligations to you are of a nature that require every possible return, I will contrive hereafter, by some means or other, to give you a peep into the government, policy, and present state of the kingdom of Darkness. For the present, however, I shall observe, that this
object

object of your merited detestation, when he quits the titles, riches and pleasures of this world, will be consigned to more than the sufferings of *Tantalus*, unless a severe and undissembled contrition should procure his pardon. Though how is it possible to suppose that the pure sentiments of genuine repentance, can ever animate his corrupt, depraved and flinty heart."

"But what scene of festivity," said Don Cleofas, "is going forwards in that house to the right of us. I see at the window a groupe of very elegant figures, who would not, I suppose, be so gaily arrayed at this early hour of the day, if they were not assembled for some particular occasion, the nature of which I must beg you to explain to me."

"It is a scene," answered Asmodeus, "of no common display, and no common confusion.—It was intended to produce

duce a wedding; but the banquet prepared for hymeneal joy, will prove the feast of anger and disappointment.—A daughter of the nobleman who lives in that house was this very morning to have been married to a young lord of the sister kingdom:—Every suitable preparation was made for the occasion;—the bride was blushing with expectation;—the attending maidens had strewed the altar with flowers,—the priest was ready, and nothing remained to complete the ceremony but the presence of the bridegroom. He, however, did not make his appearance,—and his delay, though it was at first treated with pleasantry, after frequent messages had been sent to him, and no answer whatever returned, assumed a very serious aspect.—After some consideration, the father of the young lady went himself to his Lordship's house—gained admittance, in spite of all denial,—and, forcing his way into the bed chamber, where this silly young man was confined to his bed, insisted

insisted, with a very proper spirit, and in a very peremptory manner, to know the reason of his Lordship's extraordinary conduct:—When he was informed by a surgeon, that it would be a considerable time before he could pronounce his patient to be in a fit state to become a married man.—The confusion which must naturally result from such a strange and indecent, as well as cruel behaviour, may be readily conceived;—and a council-board has just been held by the company, who were assembled to grace the occasion; which has ended in a resolution, to keep the matter as secret as possible,—to invent some plausible reason to satisfy public enquiry, and to wait with patience, till the afflicted lover is in a state to make amends for his present offence, by fulfilling the engagements he has this day broken.

“ But is it possible,” exclaimed the Count, “ that either the lady or her family

mily, can tamely submit to an insult of such a mortifying nature, and which might have been so easily avoided?"—"The match is too good a one," replied Asmodeus, "to be rejected by people, who know the world, for such a trifle. The young lady, indeed, certainly feels that kind of injury, which every other woman would feel in her situation; but she will stay, at least, till she is married, before she executes her vengeance—and you may be assured that she will then return the very little ceremony of her lover to-day, by treating him without any ceremony at all, during the rest of his life."

"And here," said Don Cleofas, as they entered Pall Mall, "we are got once more into the busy throng;"—"Of which, however," observed Asmodeus, "we shall take no very particular notice; as other matters, of more novelty are preparing for our attention.—That gentleman, who is now descending from his carriage, at the palace-

lace-gate, has some claim, indeed, to a momentary regard.—He is possessed of knowledge, talents, experience, judgment, industry, and integrity ; all of which he employs in discharging the duties of a considerable post he holds under government—” “ And which his superior qualifications,” said Don Cleofas, “ will undoubtedly continue to him——” “ Just so long,” interrupted the Demon, “ as the Minister stands in need of them.”

“ That lady in the coach,” said the Count, “ which has just passed us, lets down the curtain in so much haste, and with such a look of apprehension, that I am disposed to think she has the gift of discovering a Devil in disguise.” “ By no means,” answered the Demon ; “ You entirely mistake the cause of her precaution. She is something of a fiftieth cousin to a Scotch Peer,—is married to a worthy man, who made a large fortune in the East Indies ;—and never fails, when her

her visits, &c. call her into this street, to let down the blinds of her carriage, that her pride may not be mortified by the sight of a coffee-house, which was formerly kept by her husband's father.

“ The good lady is going, where we shall follow her, to an auction of the superb household-furniture of a nobleman, whose splendid manner of living, during four short winters, in this metropolis, obliges him to have recourse to the æconomising privacy of a provincial town on the Continent. He is a silly young man, and his mother, who rather suspected his weakness, got a wife for him, from the most saving, and æconomical family in the kingdom; on the expectation that a young woman, who had been brought up in all the rigour of what is called worldly wisdom, would controul, or, at least, correct, the extravagant dispositions of her son. The plan was well conceived, but not duely considered; and, consequently,

quently, proved unsuccessful.—The lady had been educated in the vice, and not the virtue of prudence;—her life had hitherto passed without the usual pleasures of her age and station, because it would cost money to procure them. Though the daughter of a Peer of the realm, of great wealth, she had never been mistress of a dress entirely new, till she was fitting out for marriage. A place at Court had made some sort of finery requisite to her mother, which descended, in regular succession, to all her daughters; and formed the only source of their personal decorations. She had, therefore, too severely felt the inconvenience and misery of such domestic arrangements as a daughter, to make them an example for her conduct, when she became a wife;—so that when she was emancipated from the discipline of her single state, she hurried to the unreflecting enjoyment of all those pleasures of which she had as yet only heard the name; and, like a person in the extremity of hunger, placed

placed at a plentiful table, she gorged herself, as it were, with every kind of elegant profusion. Instead, therefore, of correcting her Lord's extravagant and thoughtless disposition, she joined most heartily with him in that expensive career of fashionable life, which has brought them to their present state of difficulty and embarrassment.

The first painful exertion of œconomy, which their circumstances required was to bid adieu to the superb mansion, which they inhabited, and to consign all its interior splendor to the stroke of the hammer. —The great number of coaches assembled before us, mark the place of sale; and it is not to the honour of the human heart, that so many of those who partook of the various splendid scenes of festal pleasure, for which this house has been distinguished, should now visit it, for no other purpose than to behold, with a secret triumph,
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the wreck of that fortune, whose costly festivities they had been so proud to share.

“ Here,” continued Asmodeus, as they entered the principal apartment, “ here is food for philosophy, even to satiety.—If the glutton is represented as doing nothing more, by his dainty living, than pampering his carcase for the worms, who are to consume it,—the man of profuse vanity may be described, with equal truth, as the purveyor of elegance to those, who may hereafter purchase the spoils of his splendor.

“ That bed will be taken from its gilded alcove, to occupy the best apartment of a public hotel.—The sofa, near it, will find a convenient situation in the parlour of a neighbouring brothel :—That glass chandelier, which has reflected a thousand rays from its waxen tapers, will now glitter, with the grosser light of tallow candles, in an assembly-room, at Rotherhithe.

therhithe — That ornamental desert-service, which has been displayed before Princes of the blood, will be sold to a city confectioner; and, for years to come, delight the eyes of Aldermen, Common Councilmen, and Liverymen, with their wives, daughters, and kinswomen.—The furniture of the adjoining dressing-room will be transferred to the similar apartment of a figurante at the opera, who is protected by a young West-Indian.—The chamber-organ will find a new occupation, in accompanying the sacred hymns of a Methodist chapel.—The harpsichord will be purchased by a music-master, for the use of a country boarding-school for young ladies;—And that grinding instrument will, in future, ride on the back of a Savoyard, during the day, and accompany the magic lantern at night.—These beautiful set of chairs will be bought by a merchant in the city, who is on the point of being married to a wealthy grocer's daughter, to furnish the principal room of his house in Green Lettuce-

tuce-lane. Those two handsome fauteuils, which were made to correspond with each other, must now be separated for ever; the one will be purchased for the use of a theatre, and the other to give a becoming dignity to the chairman of a debating society. That elegant commode will rest with a handsome young Jewess, in St. Mary Axe: and the inlaid cabinet, will decorate the closet of a lottery-office keeper, near the Royal Exchange.—Of these three looking-glasses, one will be stationary in an academy for learning the science of hair-dressing; the second will reflect the frippery of a chamber-milliner; and the third will enliven the bed-chamber of an antiquated coxcomb, who has belonged, upwards of thirty years, to the respectable corps of gentlemen-pensioners. —The books, upon the hanging-shelves, will add to the literature of a circulating library.—Those girandoles will illuminate a room in a gaming-house. A great variety of the more useful, and less costly articles, will
be

be purchased by the house-steward of the noble Lord, who, in the course of four years service, has contrived to procure himself a comfortable independence for the rest of his life.—As for the kitchen-furniture, it will be purchased for a tavern; and the linen for a public charity. And, *sic transit gloria mundi.*”

“ And now,” continued Asmodeus, “ we will proceed to another scene of human glory. Observe the chariot that passes rapidly by us :—The ornamental bandage, which runs round the centre of it, is emblematic of the Gentleman’s profession who is seated in it.—He is a surgeon of eminence,—but his principal reputation arises from his anatomical skill and experience.—As a practical professor, his merit is by no means universally acknowledged :—He is too fond of creating systems of his own, or adopting such as are suggested to him by others;—while the love of hunting down chirurgical paradoxes,

dôxes, by the powerful application of his anatomical science, has led him into errors, which threaten the very superstructure of that professional renown, which it is the object of his life to raise and consecrate to himself. We will, however, make his genius subservient to our morning's amusement, and proceed immediately to the apartment where the labours of it are displayed in all the glory of professional ostentation.—As they arrived at his door, the chariot of the Anatomist drove up to it, and they followed him with all the ease of their invisible state, into the museum, which contains his magnificent collection of anatomical preparations.

As they entered the room, "Your worship's horror of large bottles," said Don Cleofas, "is, I perceive, at an end:--- You certainly have no apprehensions of being corked up again, or you would never have ventured into a place, which brings to my remembrance the garret of

the magician where I had the honour of commencing a friendship, which has been so advantageous and delightful to me."

"Thanks to my friend," replied the Demon, "I can examine the contents of these huge phials without the least fear of becoming the inhabitant of any of them. But to proceed to our business.—"

"That heart, which is in part ossified, belonged to a celebrated lawyer, who could aid injustice and support right—protect innocence and screen guilt, with the same temper, and equal satisfaction. He had no sensibility left but for one object—and that was his fees.

"Those eyes, all dim as they now are, were basilisks in their day, and subdued by their glances, all who came within their influence ;—but they were formed to inspire wanton passion, instead of chaste affection—so that the fair lady to whom they belonged, was married by a debauched
man

man of fashion, as the only means of possessing her; and who, having satiated his passions, treated her with the most mortifying indifference, during the rest of her life. Those eyes, therefore, were reduced at last, to the melancholy, and almost continual office of weeping over that misery which they had occasioned.

“ I must now request you to favour that ear with your particular attention :— Observe, I beg of you, its uncommon size, and the singular extension of its aperture. Alas, how many cumbrous volumes might be filled with the scandal and falsehoods which have been swallowed by that greedy organ.—If you look at it with a more minute examination, you will perceive that a very peculiar kind of valve occupies its passage, and it is this uncommon circumstance which renders it one of the most valuable curiosities of this collection. By this extraordinary and anomalous

malous addition, it possessed the faculty of shutting and opening itself at pleasure ; so that while it could glut the malignant heart of the person to whom it belonged, with the failings and misfortunes of mankind, it could, by closing in an instant, avoid the pain of receiving into it, the wounding praise of approved virtue, and the mortifying tale of merited happiness.

“ This extraordinary ear is joined, as you may discover, by a kind of vermicular pipe, to a tongue, whose diminutive appearance is not, at first, reconcileable to the fact of their having belonged to the same head ; but the truth is, that while the former was enlarged and inflated, by the continual exercise of hearing and listening to the current accounts of fabricating falsehoods, insidious malice, or exaggerating folly ; the latter was proportionably diminished, in the never-ceasing exercise of repeating them.”

“ Your

"Your information," said Don Cleofas, "is equally curious and interesting; but you have not explained to me, the sex of that happy person, to whom this miraculous ear and diminished tongue belonged." "By examining the lower part of the former," replied the Demon, "you will discover a small orifice which was bored there to support an ear-ring; and that is an ornament which custom has not yet permitted to be worn by the *men* of this country.

"Nothing but a knowledge of anatomy, which you cannot be supposed to have acquired, or that intuitive penetration, which I naturally possess, could discover that the strange shriveled object, in the phial before us, is another specimen of the human heart. It once animated, if its miserable emotions could be called animation, the frame of a being whose whole happiness was centered in the accumulation of useless wealth. No one act of his life ever

made the eye to sparkle with joy, or loosened the tongue in accents of gratitude.—Gain was the sole object of his life; and in obtaining it, he was unfeeling, cruel and insatiable.—He did not aim at acquiring wealth by the honourable progress of virtuous industry, or what may be called the prudent risks of adventurous commerce,—but in grinding the poor—in preying upon the necessities, and watching with an harpy's eye, to profit by the distresses of his fellow-creatures.—His heart, from a continual state of contraction, became, at length, incapable of performing those functions which sustain life; and when he died, it was found in the shriveled state in which you now behold it.

“ By way of contrast, in a moral as well as philosophical view, the Anatomist has very judiciously placed, beside it, another preparation of the heart, which wears a very different form in death, as it possessed a different nature in life. In its present
state

state and figure, you see it almost with the same exterior appearance as it bore when it was endued with those sensibilities which rendered the owner of it one of the best of men. His days were gilded by one constant and steady light of benevolent virtue :—To make others happy was the grand object of his ambition, and his heart was continually expanded with the delightful sensations of doing good. If, however, you examine it with attention, you will observe a considerable fissure which passes across it, and that circumstance caused the death of him in whose breast it dwelt.—Some very sudden, unexpected and cruel strokes of ill fortune, reduced him, almost at once, from wealth to penury ; and when, in the hour of his adversity, he found himself forsaken by those whom he had raised to prosperity, that noble heart felt only one pang, but it was a most severe one, for it then burst with indignation at the ingratitude of mankind.

“ This bottle contains a gall-bladder of uncommon dimensions. Many a stream of redundant bile has flown from thence, and mingling with the blood, produced no small quantity of envy and jealousy in the heart. It belonged to a certain painter who was never able to discover the least merit in any works but those of his own pencil; and is of a much larger size even than its companion,—which was taken from the body of an antiquated coquette, who passed the last twenty years of her life in the malicious employment of inventing falsehoods, propagating scandalous stories, and sowing dissensions among her acquaintance.

“ In that phial of a green hue, there is a very curious preparation of that part of the human body, called the spleen. It is of a very irregular form and belonged to a Duchess. The diseases of it were of such a strange nature, as to make the afflicted lady imagine that she was a green
field

field with a flock of sheep grazing upon it, and so sickly was the imagination, attendant upon her disorder, that she used frequently to cry out from the pain which was occasioned, as she supposed, by the animals nibbling the grass that grew upon her.

“ This tongue, which you may observe to be honey-combed at the root of it, occupied the mouth of a famous popular preacher, whose fanatic eloquence drew crowds of hearers after him, but whose life was one continual mockery of the doctrines which he taught.—He lived an hypocrite, and died a blasphemer.”

“ Its companion, however,” said the Count, “ seems to be free from any similar imperfection, and may, therefore, be supposed to have been the organ of truth and wisdom.” “ You may be assured,” answered Asmodeus, “ that neither lies, nor calumny, nor sophistry, nor folly were

ever uttered by it, for it was taken from the body of a young man who had been dumb from his birth.

“ This shelf,” continued the Demon, “ is entirely appropriated to specimens of the human brain, and a fine collection there is of them.

“ On a minute examination of the first of these curiosities, you will discover it to be marked with a great variety of numeral figures. It occupied the skull of a famous calculator, who, after much indefatigable study, had formed a certain and never failing plan of success in stock-jobbing and state gambling, which ended in reducing him to poverty ; and, which is still worse, involving many credulous, unreflecting people in his ruin.

“ The second, which is of so small dimensions, as to make one suppose it to have been the property of an infant, belonged,

longed, nevertheless, to a man who was, at least, six feet high. He was an ingenious and very voluminous author; but as he had written much more than he had ever read, the evaporations of his brain were not sufficiently supplied by the influx of new ideas, so that, it was, at length, reduced to the slender substance in which it now presents itself before you."

"The contents of the next phial," said Don Cleofas, "appear rather like the folds of Brussels lace, than any part of the human body." "That is another argument," answered Asmodeus, "in favour of the opinion, which has been advanced by some philosophers, that the brain derives its form, in some measure, from the prevailing tendency of the mind; as the lady who once owned the anatomical specimen under our consideration, if I may so express myself, actually lived upon dress. She was a woman of large fortune, which she wholly employed in the exterior

decorations of her person. Milliners, mantua-makers, hair-dressers, perfumers, jewellers, &c. furnished all her pleasures. But from adhering too rigidly to the regulations of fashion, by wearing a slight spring dress, when April happened to be as severe as January; she caught a violent cold, which ended in her death. Some particular circumstances attending her disorder occasioned the dissection of her, and on opening the cranium, the singular appearance of the brain tempted the operating surgeon to purloin it, and to cheat the worms of that delicious part of their banquet.

“ The adjoining bottle contains the largest specimen of the collection; and, which is very singular, it was taken from a person who was supposed to have no brains at all;—for he lived and died an idiot.

“ The last, which I shall offer to your notice, possesses all the marks of a violent
infla-

inflammation, which, in fact, occasioned the death of the celebrated orator to whom it belonged. It was, indeed, more or less, the disorder of his life, for his eminent talents—superior erudition, and astonishing eloquence were rendered of little use to himself and his country, by the headstrong violence which governed all his thoughts and actions. As he advanced in life, his reason gradually sunk into an entire submission to his passions; till, at length, a most melancholy state of insanity succeeded, from which, after a few months of deplorable extremity, the blessing of death relieved him.

“Many a towering column has been erected to perpetuate the records of human glory; and succeeding generations have beheld the sacred structure with delight and admiration. But the eye turns away with horror from the pyramid before us, which to the moral spectator, who is not obdurate by professional insensibility, pre-

presents an affecting monument of human mortality. The skulls that form the only decorations of it, possess a mortifying and grisly uniformity; and however varied or distinguished their characters may have been in life, they all wear the same common complexion of death.

“ This was the scull of an highway-man, who suffered at the gallows,—and that belonged to an alderman who was choaked at a feast. The next was a beauty, who, when excess and dissipation had destroyed her charms, endeavoured to restore them by the application of art;—the false teeth are still seen to occupy the naked jaw. Its immediate neighbour was a professed prude of forty-five, who having a sudden call down stairs, after she had prepared herself for bed, and, hurrying along in great haste, lest any of the servants should see her in a night-cap, her foot was unfortunately caught in the matting which covered the passage, and she fell down the cellar stairs. The bruises

she received on the occasion proved incurable, and here her head is exposed to the gaze of every eye, not even in a night-dress, but as bald as death can make it.—The rest on the same line were prostitutes who lived in luxury, languished in disease, or pined in want.

“ The row immediately above the last, is chiefly occupied by authors who lived by their writings,—and reviewers who got their bread by criticising them.

“ On the next stage is the scull of a cashiered lieutenant of a marching regiment, who, after many successful attempts at a less dishonourable profession, became the bully of a bawdy-house, and lost his life in defending the reputation of a common strumpet. That by its side, was found in a *Tumulus* in one of the western counties, and is supposed to have belonged to a Danish officer of distinction. The next has, as you must perceive, a small hole in
the

the front of it, which was made by the operation of a bullet in a duel between an Irish gentleman and a Scotch officer. The dispute arose from the laughter of the former, when the latter compared the climate of Edinburgh to that of Naples.—It is, however, the Scotchman's scull which is now before you. The last of them belonged to a dragoon, who in a mock fight, at a review, was thrown from his horse, and found a real death.

“ Those which are stationed on the next row, belonged to a young man of fortune, who broke his neck, by a fall from his phaeton;—one of his own grooms, who was killed by the kick of a stallion,—and a stage-coachman, who was shot by the guard of the coach instead of an highwayman who attacked it.

“ Above these is an attorney, who, having intoxicated himself with brandy, on gaining a cause for a band of smugglers,
lost

lost his life by falling into the cellar of an old ruinous house, which he had been employed to indict as a nuisance but the day before; and, by his side, is one of his many clients, whom his professional villanies had brought to beggary, and a broken heart.

“ The scull which sits alone on the top, and forms the apex of this ghastly pyramid, owes its superior appointment to the impulse of professional pride. It was once the head of a surgeon, who distinguished himself as an operator in this place; and being employed to assist in stealing a body from a burying-ground, in the environs of this city, caught a putrid fever of the dead, and died himself.—To extend the poor man’s anatomical utility to the utmost, as well as to do his remains all possible honour, the professor himself dissected him, and made this museum, which he had enriched by his labours, the sepulchre of his bones. His scull, as you may perceive

ceive, enjoys the most elevated station in it.

“ This skeleton,” said the Demon, as he turned to the opposite side of the room, “ though now so bare and ghastly, was once the favourite child of fashion,—the grace of every elegant assembly,—and the ornament of every polite circle.—In the annals of birth-day splendour, his name is pre-eminently recorded ; and those of his contemporaries, who are now living, when they wish to express their dislike of modern frippery, describe the costly magnificence in which he was wont to be arrayed.—But where is now—

“ The plumed hat with *point d'Espagne* adorn'd—

“ The velvet coat with massive broidery gay,—

“ The rich brocaded vest with glitt'ning fringe,

“ The sword, with chas'd embossments, all of gold,

“ And peruke, of innumerable curls ;

“ Where are they now?—these naked bones proclaim,

“ The gay Myrtillo's occupations gone!”

“ His bones, however, seem to perpetuate the ruling passion of their former master ;

ter; they maintain a kind of public station, and add to the parade of this withdrawing-room of death.

“The skeleton, which occupies the same case, was once a gigantic monkey.—He asked not the taylor for cloaths, nor the mercer for silk, or the perfumer for essences:—He was content with the only coat that nature gave him:—and now, my good friend, permit me to ask you, who are unskilled in the niceties of anatomical distinctions,—what is the difference between the brute and the beau?”

“But what figure is this,” exclaimed Don Cleofas, “for I perceive the bones of four-footed beasts and birds, and even fishes, as well as those of the human species?”

“It is,” answered the Demon, “the anatomy of an animal, called a jackall; which

which is said to be the purveyor of the lion, and to possess the faculty of guiding the voracious savage to his prey. The skeleton beside it was, for a time, the procuress of a certain lord, famous for his libidinous passions, and infamous for the manner in which he gratifies them. This woman lived on a very slender allowance from him, and his usual promises of increasing favour;—she therefore died in extreme poverty; and, so far was her employer from considering her past services with regard; that he not only refused to be at the trifling expence of providing her with a decent burial, but even advised his valet-de-chambre, for the bribe of a few guineas, to convey her body to this anatomical Golgotha.

“ By way of uniformity, is placed on the opposite side of the room, the skeleton of a bird, which, even in its present state, seems to possess the voracious aspect of living nature—It was a vulture, and close
to

to it are the perfect bones of one of its own species, which wore an human form, and was called a gambler. After having, for some years, fattened in the ruin of others, he was at length ruined himself; and, being so reduced as to have no other means by which he could raise a small sum to try once more the chance of fortune, he sold his body to the master of this place; which, on his death, was duly claimed; and, after serving the purpose of a public lecture, has added to the furniture of this gallery.

“ But although common humanity may be wounded, and the natural reverence mankind entertain for the dead may be violated by the operations of this place,—anatomical science and surgical skill, which conduce so greatly to the benefit of mankind, are greatly advanced by them.

“ My curiosity, however,” said Don Cleofas, “ is not a little excited, as to the
means

means by which these various subjects have been procured ;—for, according to your account, persons of all ranks have furnished the various articles of this celebrated repository.”

“ The hospitals, the gallows, and sacrilege,” answered the Demon, “ are the principle sources of supply to the anatomical theatres. Besides, a surgeon seldom dissects a patient but he avails himself of the opportunity to add an article to his professional collection. As to the subjects of rank and distinction, they can only be attained by the undertakers, to whom a distressed family are sometimes so imprudent to leave the entire conduct of burying a deceased relation.—In such a case, the corpse, be it ever so noble, seldom goes to its grave ; and, it is well known, that a Duke, who had twenty thousand pounds a year, when living, has been sold for twenty guineas after he was dead ; while a piece of
lead

lead, a log of wood, or an heap of stones, occupies his place in the magnificent mausoleum of his ancestors—But we will now quit the curious remains of the dead, and seek a more pleasing entertainment among the painted resemblances of the living.”

As they crossed the square for that purpose, the Count observed a short conversation, which took place between two gentlemen, one of whom possessed the easy air of perfect contentment, and the other expressed, both by his looks and actions, the dejection of despair. On expressing his wish to know the subject of this conference, “the shortest way to satisfy you,” said the Demon, “will be to repeat it.”

‘ You look very melancholy, my good friend ;—What is the matter ?’

‘ Why, to tell you the truth, I have an amiable wife and seven fine children.’

‘ Then

‘ Then you are melancholy with joy,
‘ I suppose ;—these are blessings, my dear
‘ friend—these are blessings.’

‘ So they would be, if I had not lost to
‘ yourself and others, at a gaming-table,
‘ what ought to have maintained them ;—
‘ nay, what in fact, was their property and
‘ inheritance.’

‘ Pooh !—nonsense—is that all ?—The
‘ worse luck now, the better another time.’

‘ But I have lost the very means of ever
‘ putting myself again in fortune’s way.—
‘ I am ruined past redemption.’

‘ Why, to be sure, if *that* is the case,
‘ I have no great consolation to offer you ;
‘ so I wish you a good morning.’

“ Thus it is that the hawk parleys with
the pigeon, whose pilfered plumes add
softness to the nest in which he reposes.

“ But

“ But let us proceed.”——

In a few minutes, therefore, Don Cleofas, found himself, with his conductor, in a gallery, where he saw a confused variety of pictures, chiefly portraits, in different periods of advancement, from a first sketch to a compleat finish.

“ By the appearance of this place,” observed the Count, “ I should suppose that we are in the apartment of a painter,—and, from the number of the pictures, as well as the very great merit of some of them, which my eye has just glanced upon, I should presume that he is an artist of the first eminence.”

“ It is even so,” answered Asmodeus, “ he is a man of genius, and at the head of his profession in this country.—Some of his pictures may claim a place in the first rank of modern paintings, and would bid

fair to transmit his professional fame to a distant period; but, from an infatuation that cannot, by any mode of reasoning, be reconciled to his consummate vanity, he obstinately continues to make use of such transient colours, that many of his best works have decayed before their master;—and some of his portraits have even lost their glow, while the beauty of their originals has remained in full lustre:—but this by the way.—Our present business is to examine, with a biographic, rather than scientific, eye, the works of his pencil now before us. We will, therefore, faunter at our leisure round the gallery,—and you, perhaps will have no reason to be discontented with such a Cicerone as I am.

“ These two portraits of persons in scarlet robes, bedecked with ermine, offer to your attention very striking likenesses of two sage Judges of the principal courts of law.—They are, both of them,
men

men of great legal knowledge and ability ; but their real characters are as different as their features.—The one, as you must perceive, is of a calm, pleasing, and humane aspect,—while the lineaments of the other give an idea of strong discernment, and unamiable severity.—Nor can I better explain to you the differing minds of these law officers, than by relating to you the manner in which they are respectively habituated to conclude their address to Juries, in summing up the evidence of a criminal trial.—The first always employs something like the following arrangement of expression.—‘ If, Gentlemen of the Jury, you should be firmly of opinion that the evidence which you have heard, has indubitably proved the offence with which the prisoner is charged, I feel myself compelled to inform you that you must find him guilty :—But if, on the contrary, the fact should not have been proved to your full and entire satisfaction, or there should be the least suspence in your

‘ minds, as to the truth of the accusation,
‘ you will not hesitate to exercise the more
‘ amiable and pleasing part of your jurif-
‘ diction, and *acquit* the prisoner of the
‘ offence for which he has appeared before
‘ you.’

“ The other generally expresses himself,
on a similar occasion, to the following pur-
pose :

‘ If, Gentlemen, you are perfectly con-
‘ vinced in your own minds, that the pri-
‘ soner is innocent, you must necessarily
‘ acquit him :—But, as men of experience
‘ and understanding, you must be conscious
‘ of the absolute necessity there is, in these
‘ times, to check the progress of such
‘ notorious offences, by the useful severity
‘ of punishment ;—if, therefore, the crime
‘ of which the prisoner at the bar stands
‘ indicted, has been proved to your satis-
‘ faction, there can be no doubt but
‘ you will perform the duty that your oath
‘ has



‘ has enjoined, and which you owe to God,
‘ to your country, and yourselves,—and
‘ consign him, by your verdict, to the ne-
‘ cessary punishment which the law has
‘ wisely provided for such horrid of-
‘ fenders.’

“ I comprehend perfectly well,” said Don Cleofas, “ the differing natures of these two learned sages.—The one never tries a prisoner, but it appears as if he wished to find him guilty ;—while the other never sees an unfortunate fellow-creature at the bar before him, but his humanity offers a secret prayer that he may prove his innocence.

“ The next picture, however, presents an object of much less awful and more attractive nature ; and, if the resemblance is just, she is a judge, at whose bar, were I to commit an offence, I should feel myself most happy to plead my cause :”—

“ And as you are rather a well-looking
E 3 man,

man," answered Asmodeus, "and not yet past the prime of life, you might probably find mercy.—Though she has her fits of severity, and some very singular accounts of them are recorded in the chronicles of the day.

"The original of that portrait is one of those fortunate persons, whom a strange combination of circumstances have raised to rank and opulence.—She was once a maid of all-work, with a few pounds of hard-earned wages *per annum*, and now an hundred and fifty guineas are paid for her picture.

"After having been in the service of the lower class of trading people, she became kitchen-maid at a fashionable brothel; and, as she was not ill-favoured, when all the resident ladies of the house happened to be engaged, and a visitor was impatient for a companion, she was occasionally dressed and served up, in an upper apartment;—and,
in

in such a manner did she conduct herself, on these occasions, that her mistress thought proper to promote her from the kitchen to the chamber-service.—In this character she became the favourite of a boy of high rank;—and, on his going abroad to finish his education, a Baronet of great fortune, and equal folly, became so enamoured of Cinderilla, as to take her to his own house, and support her in a state of envied elegance.—In short, she so played upon his affection and his jealousy, that he at last determined to secure her to himself, by making her his wife;—so that she is now become a titled lady, as well as the mistress of a large fortune;—and this picture is destined to adorn a splendid drawing-room, at her house in the country.

The half-length and half-finished picture that hangs by its side, is an imperfect representation of a very beautiful and unfortunate woman,—and there is a sin-

gularity in her misfortune, that merits particular recital.

“ She was married, at an early age, to a most amiable man who loved her to idolatry ; nor was she, by any means, insensible to his merit ; but, in an evil hour, when he was absent on duty with the militia, she was seduced from her fidelity to him, by the arts of his bosom friend. But as she never offended a second time, and, in hopes of expiating the conscious guilt of her own mind, multiplied her affectionate attentions to her husband, the offence was never suspected by him ; and the partner of it being dead, was only known to herself. At length, however, she was attacked by a fever which she caught in nursing a sick servant ; and, in a few days, the physicians pronounced her disorder to be beyond all hopes of recovery.— In this alarming situation, when she thought that death was at her chamber-door, and while her husband was weeping in agony beside

beside her, the consciousness of her infidelity pressed home upon her mind in such a manner, that she fancied it to be absolutely necessary to the peace of her last moments, to communicate it to him, and obtain his forgiveness. She, therefore, in a most unfortunate moment, added a new poignancy, and gave a new turn, to his distress, by unfolding the almost incredible secret. At first his astonishment deprived him of utterance, but having, at length, muttered the pardon she entreated, he hastily quitted the chamber, wishing almost for that event, which, but a few minutes before, he considered as an insupportable misfortune, and left her in a situation to look towards a recovery as the greatest evil that could befall her.—That evil, however, it was her lot to sustain; for nature set at nought the physician's prophecy, and, in spite of her own wishes, she now lives to suffer the indifference of the man she loves, and to curse the weakness that has undone her. As her husband

does not wish for any resemblance of a wife, whom he almost hates, this portrait will shortly serve as the basis of another picture ; when the jolly visage—formal wig, and swelling lawn of a pious prelate, will cover the lovely features, the flowing hair, and graceful drapery that now decorates the canvas.”

“ I trust,” replied Don Cleofas, “ that I feel as much for the misfortunes of others, especially those which befall the lovely sex, as any man ; nevertheless, I cannot but confess that such extreme folly, and so much out of the regular course of female error, absolutely merits the punishment it has received.

“ But here is the picture of a person in scarlet robes, with a coronet upon the table before him,—whom does that represent ?”
“ It is,” answered the Demon, “ a very striking likeness of a Duke, of whom little or nothing can be said ;—and the adjoining
portrait

portrait is his Duchefs, of whom we can fay about as much. But transfer your attention, I beg of you, to that very fine picture of a female figure who is adorning the ftatue of Hymen with flowers :—At the time it was painted, the fubject was very characteristic of the charming woman who is represented in it.—She has, however, thought proper to deviate from the purity of that character.—It is long fince fhe has torn the garland from the brow of the Hymeneal divinity, where fhe was once fo proud to place it.

“ The companion which represents a facrifice to the graces, is a painting of equal merit, and equally unfortunate in the perversion of its principal figure, for the officiating prieftefs has long fince quitted that altar, and is now engaged in the melancholy duty of offering the oblation of her own tears at the fhrine of repentance.”

“ Here, however,” said the Count, “ I trust, there is something of reality.— The painter seems, in the portrait of this stately warrior, to have exerted the utmost powers of his pencil ; nor is the warlike character of the personage more distinguished by the truncheon, the breast-plate and the distant battle, than the heroic ardour which is displayed in the countenance, and the air of military dignity which the whole figure is made to possess.”

“ It is certainly a very tolerable likeness,” answered Asmodeus, “ of a very amiable, inoffensive general officer, who is ever ready to acknowledge, with much good humour, that he has never been engaged in any other service but the mock fights of his own regiment at a review.

“ This pair of pictures are painted previous to the marriage of their originals.— They represent to you the forms of a young nobleman, and the heiress of his father’s
stew-

steward." "Then I presume," said Don Cleofas, "that this must be a clandestine arrangement, in which you, perhaps, have employed a little malicious interference." "Such a suggestion," replied Asinodeus, "is natural enough for an haughty Castilian, but the people of this sensible country are not troubled with the silly scruples of your's. The father of the young lady having died extremely rich, and the old Lord having discovered too late, that his faithful servant's wealth arose from the plunder of himself; he very wisely thought that the only way to get the property back again to the family, was to make the daughter a part of it, by marrying her to his son. Besides, she is a very amiable girl, and will probably make the young man a better wife than if she had been of higher birth."

"Here is a picture," said Don Cleofas, which merits my attention. It is in a very grand style of design, and, in the course of
my

my little observation on the fine arts, I have scarce ever seen a more beautiful example of this branch of them. By the character of the figure, and the emblems which accompany it, I must suppose it to represent some exalted personage of the tragic scene."

"It is," answered the Demon, "the tragic muse herself,—and the genius of that poet who first formed this ideal divinity, seems to have inspired the pencil of the painter. But, exclusive of the peculiar merits of the picture as a work of art, there is a circumstance belonging to it, which greatly enhances the value, and encreases the interest of the representation, as it is a very striking likeness of the favourite tragic actress of the time, who may certainly claim it as her portrait. Here is another instance of fortuitous elevation,—for this actress, but a few years ago, was the heroine of a barn,—performing in tragedies, comedies, farces and pantomimes ;
and

and now her form fills a canvas which would be considered as a brilliant acquisition to the most splendid gallery in Europe.—Such a picture as this, if its colours should disappoint the apprehensions of all who have beheld it, will communicate an almost equal degree of fame to the original, and the artist ;—it may, indeed, give to the former, in the opinion of posterity, a reputation which she has not altogether deserved.

“ It is the spirit of the English nation to make every thing a subject of party, and the little theatre of the drama has its groupes of adverse partizans, as well as the extensive scene of political government.—This actress, however, for some time, bore down all opposition ; with considerable powers happily applied, and a superior degree of knowledge of stage finesse, judiciously employed,—she attracted to herself something like the madness of public favour ; and gained more applause,

plause, and, which tells to the full as well, more money than was ever acquired in the same period, by any stage performer, from the time of *Roscus*, the great Roman actor, to the present hour.

“ At first, she confined herself to certain parts which were peculiarly adapted to her talents, and having thus secured an enthusiastic partiality in her favour, she flattered herself with the opinion, that her powers were universal, and, therefore, ventured to extend the line of her performance; but in the endeavour to increase her reputation, she has very considerably diminished it.—The rage for attending her performances is very much abated, if not totally subsided; imperfections in several of her characters are no longer doubted; sometimes she is thought to whine, and at other times to rant, while a monotonising tone is discovered by many, to have smothered her energies:—In short, like other objects of popular regard, she has lost
much

much of her popularity.—This favourite actress has, of late, played to empty benches, and been reduced to rejoice at the sight of an audience which was principally composed of those who could not gain admittance to the sing-song of a rival theatre. This circumstance, however, proves that her theatric excellencies are confined within a small circle, or are destitute of solid merit;—that they are impaired by physical defects, or degenerated by the adoption of bad habits. This indeed, seems, in some degree, to be her own opinion, as she has, at present, quitted the stage of the metropolis, for provincial theatres; that, when she returns to it, the novelty of her appearance may, perhaps, restore her to the possession of something like her former reputation.

“ The portrait by the side of the tragic muse, and which, notwithstanding its official decorations is eclipsed by it, offers
a very

a very flattering resemblance of a great civil officer in the sister kingdom. Of him nothing more can, or, indeed, need be said, than that he fills his high station in a manner that becomes him. But of the extraordinary rise of his family, some particulars may be related which will afford you amusement, and give you another very singular example of the caprice of fortune. It is a whimsical anecdote, which is equally calculated to awaken the risibility of the muscles, and to put little grandeur very much out of countenance.

“ The grandfather of this gentleman, whose portrait is before us, followed the laborious profession of a mower, and was esteemed one of the strongest and most active men in his business of any in the county where he dwelt. Indeed so high was his professional reputation, that the person who employed him offered a very considerable bet on his superiority, in the
art

art of mowing, over any man in the kingdom. The challenge being accepted by a neighbouring gentleman, in favour of one of his mowers, the ground was immediately marked out for the scene of action, and the day appointed when the contest was to take place.

“ Our hero, however, soon made his superiority appear very manifest, and by breakfast time was so much in advance, that the opposite party could entertain no hopes of success, if the business was left to the uninterrupted exertions of the two competitors. As in wagers of this nature all advantages may be taken, the opponents of the forward mower took a very singular one; which was nothing less than secretly mixing a very strong purgative with his drink. This artifice had the desired effect, and he was very shortly seized with a complaint in his bowels that threatened the loss of his promised victory. But
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he soon suspected the 'trick which had been played him, and in order to defeat its purpose, without losing a moment of that time which was so precious to him, he took off his drawers, tucked his shirt round his middle, and, suffering the physic to work as he worked, he won the wager, to the great diversion of many hundred spectators ; whose curiosity had led them to be present on this singular occasion.— This circumstance rendered the successful mower so great a favourite with the gentlemen of the county, that he was soon raised from the humble situation of a common labourer, and the means afforded him by which he laid the foundation of the good fortune that is now enjoyed by his posterity. Various, indeed, have been the causes by which little men have become great men, but this gentleman I believe is the first person in high office, who is indebted, for his elevation, to a dose of jalap."

" I have

“ I have either read, or heard it observed,” said the Count, “ that one of the principal uses of foreign travel is to remove prejudices, and you seem determined that whatever they might be which I brought from my own country, they shall not be of my party when I return to it.— It is very certain, however, that the road to honours in this country, is not attended with those difficulties which obstruct it in many others. I may at least assert, without the possibility of contradiction, that in the good kingdom of Spain, a ton of jalap, would not be able to make a gentleman.

“ But with all my love of the arts,” continued Don Cleofas, “ here is a piece of nature’s work coming towards us, which, in my opinion, is worth all the pictures and statues in all the galleries of Europe.—By the uncommon attentions she receives from the elderly lady and gentleman,

man who accompany her,—I suppose she is some young person of distinction."

"She is come here," answered Asmodeus, "to sit for her portrait; and is the daughter of the old folks, who are endeavouring to sooth Miss into amiable looks for the purpose of securing, at least to her picture, that pleasing expression of features which she is not always in the humour to exhibit herself.

"You may have heard, perhaps, of a wife being ruled by an husband, or an husband ruled by his wife:—The sexes are often seen to exercise a matrimonial tyranny, over each other; but the scene which I am about to unfold to you, the actors of which you have just beheld, is of a very different nature:—It is the tyranny of a saucy girl of fifteen, over fond and foolish parents, who live but to watch her wishes and obey her commands.

"Arabella

“ Arabella is the only child of a Baronet, of an ancient family and large fortune,—her parents doat on her to excess; and their pride, as well as their tender affections, are concentrated in this darling daughter; for they consider her not only as a paragon of beauty, but as the ultimate branch of a family, which ought not to be extinct.—The desire, therefore, of bringing her to maturity, having such powerful inducements, produced that early indulgence, which was to prevent every desire, to check every uneasiness, and to gratify every fancy of her infant mind.

“ The consequences of an education, founded upon these principles, may be easily conceived:—The young lady, from having been an ill humoured child, that nobody loved,—is become a pettish, peremptory girl, whom, if it were not for some beauty, and a large fortune, every body would avoid.—Indeed her temper is, occasionally, so very unpleasant, that
her

her doting parents, all submissive as they are, find themselves, sometimes at a loss, how to support it.—It would really exhaust your patience, were you to see with what haughtiness she will frequently receive the homage of these affectionate people;—with what a careless ease she regards their attentions, and in what a cool tone of command she too often governs their actions.—The very moment her fancy suggests any thing for her pleasure, it must be instantly obtained, or the whole family is thrown into disorder; and her fancies have been humoured into such a degree of irregularity, that they always require those gratifications that are of the most difficult attainment,—and which, when obtained, are frequently received without any expression of acknowledgment or satisfaction.—A servant has been sent express to London, which is an hundred and twenty miles from her father's seat, for an elegant dress, in order to give her a superiority of appearance at a country-ball, which, when
it

it has arrived, she has not only refused to wear, but has thrown aside with contempt.

“ To remonstrate with her on these unpleasant and disgraceful caprices, would make her fret,—and fretting would make her look pale,—and then the good Knight is alarmed for her health,—and his good lady fears some diminution of her beauty ;—so that these worthy, mistaken people, sacrifice every satisfaction of their own lives, in fruitless endeavours to make that of their daughter happy.

“ This capricious character, which has manifested itself in her childish and girlish days, is preparing accumulated sorrow for her infatuated parents.—The season of love is at hand ; and what is to be expected from Arabella, when under the influence of a passion that makes fools of the wife ?

“ Among other thoughtless indulgences, the amusement of novel-reading has been permitted to excess.— She already possesses every preparative to romantic love ; and is, as it were, on the moment of entering into all the wilds of it. Without exerting any extraordinary power of prophecy, I may venture to foretell, that she will soon make her parents curse the criminal fondness, against which no counsels of friendship, or admonitions of experience, were allowed to operate.—Other comforts, it is to be hoped, are in store for them ;— for they will receive neither honour, support, or consolation, from the virtues of Arabella :—Their own false and foolish tenderness has blasted them for ever.

“ But here is a whimsical woman of another sort, age, and complexion ; whose strange affectation, however, would be ill-treated, were it followed by any thing but laughter. She is a widow lady, of high rank ; and though she has but just
fight

sight enough to see her way, and discover something of the form of large objects, it is her particular fancy to converse and act as if she had the beam of a lynx. She is come here to amuse an hour in viewing the pictures, not a single figure of which can she distinguish;—and if her companion, on whom she leans, were to attempt to correct her in any of her necessary mistakes, she would not only be dismissed from a very good situation, but have her name erased out of a will, in which it is, at present, joined to a considerable legacy, as a reward for her pliant subservience to the reigning foibles of her patroness.

“ But the good lady does not escape, as you may suppose, without causing a good deal of mirth among her acquaintance.—It was but yesterday that she paid a visit to a certain Duchess; and, after saying a great many fine things to a fire-screen, instead of her Grace, she arose to look at a very large picture of monkies, whose splendid
F 2 frame

frame had struck upon her ken ; and, after appearing to examine it with great attention, through her glafs, ſhe pronounced it to be a very fine family piece, from the very great reſemblance of the portraits to her Grace and my Lord Duke."

" This circumſtance," obſerved Don Cleofas, might, notwithſtanding the folly of it, be attended with ſome degree of mortification."——" You are moſt undoubtedly right," replied Aſmodeus ; " and if the family had been, as ſome are, remarkable for any perſonal defect, the compariſon, accidental as it was, would not have been very graciously received ; but, in the inſtance I have juſt related, there is too great an aſſemblage of family beauty, to be at all diſconcerted by the curious compliment.

" But now let me aſk my friend, what is his opinion of this portrait of a female figure, in a white robe, who is represented
as

as feeding a pigeon.”—“The act,” said the Count, is characteristic of a benevolent mind, and the lady seems to wear the features which are frequently the distinguishing marks of an amiable disposition.” “It is very true,” replied the Demon; “the original of this picture is a woman of very singular humanity, and I will give you an example of it. Some time since, she was mistress of a beautiful set of cream-coloured ponies, which she was very fond of driving in a phaeton; but, becoming tired of that amusement, she determined to dispose of them, and gave her orders accordingly:—reflecting, however, that her favourite little horses might not meet with such kind treatment from another as they had done from her,—she changed her determination, and humanely ordered her coachman to cut their throats.

“With this truly compassionate lady, then,” said Don Cleofas, “we will finish, if you please, our present visit:—I have

seen enough of copies, and should be glad to return to our pursuit of originals.” “Your Lordship has anticipated me,” answered the Demon, “for I was on the moment of making the same proposition. Indeed, I must beg your consent to let me dispose of you for half an hour, as I have a little errand of consequence to perform, on which you cannot be permitted to accompany me.—I will not, however, leave you entirely without amusement to fill up the interval till my return;—and there,” continued Asmodeus, as they quitted the house, “are the good people whom I shall employ for that purpose.—The smart little woman, who is walking round the garden of the square, with a gentleman in boots, must have the unconscious honour of entertaining you, till I have the pleasure of seeing you again.—You will join the party immediately, and, without being visible to their optics, you shall both hear and understand the subject of their conversation.”—The Count obeyed without

without hesitation the commands of his diabolic master, and was entertained with the following little history.

‘ It is so long,’ said the gentleman,
‘ since I saw you last, and you were then
‘ so much younger than you are at present,
‘ that if I had passed you every day of my
‘ life, I should not have recollected your
‘ features ;—I thank you, therefore, for
‘ making yourself known to me, as I
‘ should be most happy to be of service
‘ to the child of people whom I had known
‘ and regarded in my early years.—Your
‘ appearance, is not, I must own, of a
‘ nature to make me very sanguine in my
‘ expectations that your situation is as I
‘ could wish it; —but, whatever, it may
‘ be, your unreserved communication of
‘ it, can alone enable me to become your
‘ friend.’

‘ Your suspicions, Sir,’ answered the
young woman, ‘ are but too well di-

‘ rected ;—but it is now my duty, as well
‘ as my interest, to speak the truth ; and
‘ I will give a very faithful outline of my
‘ life, since I turned my back on that home
‘ to which I have continually, and most
‘ anxiously wished to be restored.

‘ I need not tell you, who know the
‘ world so well, that there is no excuse so
‘ favourable to the wishes of a girl who
‘ has a mind to run away from home, as
‘ a father-in-law, or a mother-in-law ;—
‘ the second marriage of my mother af-
‘ forded me this excuse,—and I availed
‘ myself of it, to escape from what I
‘ thought proper to consider domestic ty-
‘ ranny, in order to find liberty and hap-
‘ piness in the arms of a strolling player.

‘ This event like all that have followed,
‘ did not answer my expectations.—The
‘ hero whom I had admired on the stage,
‘ proved but a miserable figure be-
‘ hind the scenes ; and I soon discovered
‘ the

‘ the fond descriptions which my lover had
‘ given me of happiness, to exist only in
‘ the pages of those plays from whence
‘ he borrowed them. I, however, pos-
‘ sessed some little ambition, and deter-
‘ mined to strut my hour upon the stage.
‘ My education, as you well know, could
‘ not have been very brilliant,—but my
‘ memory was good, and I did not find it
‘ difficult to repeat the part which I could
‘ scarce read.—I had vivacity enough for
‘ comedy, and spirit enough for tragedy,
‘ but the natural hoarseness of my voice
‘ prevented me from succeeding in either,
‘ even on the boards of a barn.—I was,
‘ therefore, obliged to content myself with
‘ making one in a dance, or adding my
‘ figure to the train of a procession.

‘ The person, however, with whom I
‘ lived, having some skill in music, and
‘ a voice which was thought superior to
‘ an itinerant situation, became engaged
‘ to perform at a Theatre Royal,—and
‘ thither I accompanied him.—The splen-

‘ dor of our new situation, when compared
‘ with the wretched shifts of a strolling
‘ company, made me ambitious to enter
‘ upon the scene, if it were only to bear
‘ a torch, or to add a scream to a chorus.
‘ But, in spite of all my endeavours, I could
‘ not succeed;—and my gallant assuring
‘ me, after some months instruction, that
‘ I had not any ear whatever for music,—
‘ a very serious quarrel ensued between
‘ us, which, as I thought, justified my
‘ proving unfaithful to him, and attach-
‘ ing myself to another, who, by declaring
‘ that I had the notes of a nightingale,
‘ very easily won me to him.—But my
‘ new lover, all enamoured as he was,
‘ soon discovered, in his turn, some very
‘ unmusical tones in my voice, and the
‘ harmony of our affections was soon dis-
‘ solved.

‘ Experience, indeed, has at length
‘ convinced me, that my notes are of an
‘ harsher nature than I could have sus-
‘ pected;

‘ pected ; and so uniform have been the
‘ complaints of them, from every person
‘ with whom I have since been connected,
‘ that I am forced, at last, to acknow-
‘ ledge them as unpleasant even to my-
‘ self.—In short, Sir, the continual dis-
‘ cord in which I have been engaged, with
‘ one and another, has made me look with
‘ a longing eye to that home, which I
‘ left because I was not happy, and to
‘ which I most ardently long to return,
‘ because, since I left it, I have never
‘ ceased to be miserable.

‘ I beg leave to repeat the word *mise-*
‘ *erable* ;—for, however gay,—however va-
‘ ried, and however pleasurable, a life of
‘ prostitution may, at times, prove, the
‘ intervals are too dreadful to be described :
‘ nay, the very means which are em-
‘ ployed to chase away reflection,—to
‘ deaden remembrance—to banish appre-
‘ hension, and animate hope, are but so
‘ many opiates, which, while they afford

‘ a short-lived ease to pain, poison the
 ‘ very roots of virtue and happiness.

‘ What is the mistress even of a man of
 ‘ fashion, but a pampered being, whom a
 ‘ moment’s caprice may sink from a *vis-à-*
 ‘ *vis* to a dunghill. A man of senti-
 ‘ ment, indeed, would dismiss her with
 ‘ kindness; or, at least, he would not
 ‘ leave her to the horrors of poverty and
 ‘ distress. But what must be her feelings,
 ‘ if a grain of sensibility remains in her
 ‘ breast, when his last adieu is accompa-
 ‘ nied with those wholesome counsels
 ‘ which she has not the resolution to fol-
 ‘ low?”

‘ Promiscuous connexion is still worse.
 ‘ To hang on the arm of a young lawyer,
 ‘ at a public place, to night;—to be
 ‘ whirled, the following day, in a young
 ‘ merchant’s phaeton to Epsom-races;—
 ‘ and to figure, on the third evening, with
 ‘ a smart cockade, in the green boxes of
 a play-

‘ a play-house;—what is it all—but a mi-
‘ ferable existence? Or, if the expected vi-
‘ sitor does not come, to sally forth, in
‘ order to find the accidental lover,— what
‘ is it but greater misery?—Or to become
‘ stationary with a man you dislike, who
‘ dare not pass you off as his wife; and
‘ has it in his power to turn you into the
‘ street, whenever he pleases, as a dis-
‘ carded and faded mistress;—what is it
‘ all, but misery indeed!

‘ I shall not descend into a further de-
‘ scription of the wretched life in which I
‘ am engaged, because, thank Heaven,
‘ I have not yet known it:—I shall,
‘ therefore, conclude my melancholy story,
‘ with a solemn and experimental decla-
‘ ration, that the lowest situation of vir-
‘ tue is better than the highest elevation
‘ of vice;—and with offering the wish of
‘ my heart, that the friends of my youth
‘ would forgive my errors, and take back
‘ their poor stroller, who has so long been
‘ tired.

‘ tired of strolling in the paths of error, to
 ‘ give her a final and saving admission to
 ‘ the home of virtue.’

‘ Well,’ said the gentleman, after walking a few paces in silence, ‘ if your actions keep pace with your words,—and
 ‘ you give me those proofs of your sincerity which I shall require,—you may
 ‘ depend upon my obtaining for you that
 ‘ forgiveness from your mother, which
 ‘ will be accompanied with her best protection from the temptations and distresses of your present unhappy condition.’

With this promise of friendship he took his leave ;—and, while Don Cleofas was observing, with some degree of astonishment, that the countenance of the young woman did not betray all those symptoms of satisfaction which he so naturally expected would arise, on the happy prospect before her, Asmodeus made his
 appear-

appearance, to satisfy him on the subject.

“ I find you disappointed,” said the Demon, “ at perceiving the effects of disappointment, where, I can assure you, it is very severely felt. That little artful baggage has told her story, without any material variation from the truth ; but all the affected pathos of the business was introduced, in hopes of gaining a little immediate supply, of a pecuniary nature. If she had obtained a few guineas, as she fully expected, for her assumed repentance, the worthy man whom she has been endeavouring to dupe, would have seen her no more. A few months ago the stratagem would have succeeded ; but unluckily for her, he has of late become rather suspicious of the sex ; and a very particular circumstance that befell him about six weeks ago, has implanted a sentiment in his breast which it had never known before. Nor will you, I believe, express any astonishment

nishment at it, when I have explained to you the cause of such an unexpected change in his nature.

“ You must know then, that till the event which I am about to tell you, this gentleman was remarkable for his generous and unsuspecting disposition; nor had the common ingratitude of mankind and ordinary disappointments of friendship, been able, in any degree, to diminish it. But, about two years ago, he connected himself with a young woman, whose personal charms and affectionate attentions, had attached him so fondly to her, that his intimate friends entertained very serious apprehensions lest he should form an indissoluble union with her.

“ This favourite mistress was maintained by him in a very handsome manner:— He had fixed her in an house, in one of the most fashionable streets which he had furnished with great elegance; and a black
servant,

servant, in a livery enriched with silver-lace, was used to follow her, in her morning promenades. When she became pregnant, her friend was enchanted, and there is not a doubt, but that soon after she had made him a father, he would have made her a wife; but, most unfortunately for her, when the child made its entry into the world, it appeared to wear the colour of the servant, instead of that of the master.

“ The consequence of this unexpected business was, that as soon as the lady recovered strength sufficient to be removed, she was ordered to quit the house; and with a purse of guineas, and a load of frippery, was turned into the wide world, to seek another place of rest, with her tawny bantling and sable paramour.

“ From that moment this worthy man has been the slave of suspicion; and tho’ the virtue of benevolence is too deeply
rooted

rooted in his nature to be eradicated from it, he will never again yield to its emotions without the most complete conviction, that the object who solicits his favours, is indubitably deserving of them.

“ I perceive,” continued the Demon, “ that you are preparing to let off a volley of very fine sentiments on the business ; but female falsehood and artifice are such stale subjects, that I shall take upon me to interrupt you, without any ceremony,— and, with as little, to introduce you to a few morning visits, where, I believe, we shall find something for your present entertainment ; and, if it shall so please you, for your future reflection. A street in the neighbourhood, will afford us all we can wish, and the window of an attic-story, will grant us a position to command the different scenes which I shall have the honour of unfolding to you.”

In

In an instant they were in possession of the proposed situation; and the Count had scarce time to look a little about him, when Asmodeus directed his attention to the first-floor of the house immediately opposite to them.

“The two ladies,” said he, “whom you see there, conversing with so much cordiality, form a very singular coalition; for they are the wife and the mistress of the same gentleman.” “A singular coalition indeed,” exclaimed the Count; “but do, I pray you, explain to me, upon what liberal, or illiberal principle, can they have adopted such an harmonic system.”

“The wife,” answered the Demon, “is a very sensible woman, and gives no small proof of her title to that character, by the conduct I am about to relate to you. She well knows it to be beyond the reach of possibility to keep her husband,
who

who is, in every other respect, an irreproachable character, within the bounds of rigid fidelity :— She, therefore, very wisely exerts her utmost endeavours to prevent that failing from being, as little as possible, dishonourable to himself, and injurious to his family. She is, therefore, very solicitous to fix his preference on the present object of it; as she believes her to be a woman who does honour to a dishonourable character, and possesses sentiments which would become a better situation : and being informed this morning that her husband has lately paid some suspicious attentions to a figurante of the Opera, she did not hesitate to make this very unexpected visit; and having explained, in the most unreserved manner, the real cause of it, these two very sensible women immediately entered upon the important business, in which they are now engaged, of forming a plan to keep this worthy man to themselves.”

“ I must

“ I must really acknowledge,” said Don Cleofas, “ that this arrangement, taken in all its circumstances, has no common merit; and that those women who are capable of making jealousy subservient even to their interest, must possess very superior minds.

“ But tell me, I beg of you, what merry ideas play on the fancy of that gentleman who has just let himself out of the adjoining house; and who, to all appearance, can scarce walk along, from the violence of his laughter.” “ The female *tête à tête*,” answered Asmodeus, “ in the drawing-room of the same house, is the cause of his mirth, and when I have explained the circumstances of the scene, it is not impossible, but you may find a similar attack upon your risible propensity.

“ There is nothing so pleasant, my good friend, as female friendship. Lady

E——

E—— B—— and Mrs. M——, are most inseparable. They are so happy when they are together—and they are so unhappy when they are asunder, that language fails in adequate expressions to convey their sentiments on the happiness or misery of these respective situations.— Though they have passed the morning with each other, they embrace when they meet in the evening, with all the ardour of long separated lovers. Nevertheless, they are not so blinded by their mutual attachment, as to be insensible to each others failings.

“A gentleman called on Lady E—— B—— this morning, and on enquiring after her friend, Mrs. M——, received the following answer :”— ‘ She is certainly
 ‘ a charming woman, and I love her vastly,
 ‘ and I believe she loves me better than
 ‘ any thing in the world, except her own
 ‘ *foot and ankle*. They are rather pretty
 ‘ to be sure,—but still, you know, it is
 ‘ abo-

‘ abominably tiresome to see a woman in
 ‘ a continual display of any casual per-
 ‘ fections she may possess.—She cannot
 ‘ sit upright in her chair, for fear they
 ‘ should not be seen ; and, in crossing a
 ‘ couple of yards of clean pavement, to
 ‘ get from the door to the coach, she
 ‘ draws her dress half way up her legs,
 ‘ in order that any accidental passenger
 ‘ may view the symmetry that belongs to
 ‘ them. But she is incorrigible, and must
 ‘ be left to the ridicule which is drawn on
 ‘ her by her coquettish folly.”

“ The gentleman soon after made his
 bow, and in the course of the morning
 presented himself to Mrs. M——— ; and,
 among things, mentioned that he was
 come from having the pleasure of seeing
 Lady E——— B———.” ‘ The best
 ‘ creature in the world !’ exclaimed her
 friend ; ‘ I love her infinitely ;—but, if
 ‘ you have any interest with her La’ship,
 ‘ I wish you would prevail upon her to
 ‘ pay

‘ pay a little more attention to appear-
‘ ances. Though she has a very plain
‘ face indeed, and is as clumsy as a plough-
‘ boy, she might, nevertheless, contrive
‘ to put on her cloaths so as to look some-
‘ thing better than a chamber-maid.—To
‘ tell you the truth, I have often heard it
‘ observed of her La’ship, that if it were
‘ not for the servant who follows her, she
‘ would, especially if she was a little
‘ handsomer, be taken for I know not
‘ what.’

“ As Mrs. M——— was speaking, the door opened,—Lady E——— B——— was announced,—the two friends flew into each others arms, and could scarce express the ardour of their reciprocal congratulations. At this moment, the gentleman glided away, as any other gentleman would have done, and as you have seen him do ; and will serve as a subject for the morning ridicule of them both.”

“ From

“ From what I have observed,” replied Don Cleofas, “ the characters of men appear to vary in different countries ; but women, I believe, are the same in every part of the globe.”

“ In the next house,” said Asmodeus, “ you may see two gentlemen, one of whom is dressed in mourning, who are engaged in settling a little account, in which they possess a mutual satisfaction.— They are two young men of the world, who are above being subject to the controul of any principle or sentiment but what they call honour. Some time ago, they laid a considerable wager on the lives, or rather, on the deaths of their respective fathers. The gentleman in black, is so fortunate as to be the loser ;— his father died in the middle of last month, and he is now paying the money, which he does with a great deal of satisfaction, as the event which subjects him to this payment, has put him in possession of six

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thousand pounds a year: while the winner receives the bet as something of a temporary consolation for the mortifying delay of a similar event:—I mean the death of his father.”

“ But what is the cause of all that confusion,” said the Count, “ which I see in the house to the left of us?—And what offence has the culprit committed, who is, at this moment, turned into the street, by a gentleman in a naval uniform?”—“ It is his valet de chambre,” answered Asmodeus, “ who is in the predicament which you seem to pity, and the circumstance is rather of a laughable nature.

“ The master of this faithful servant has been for some years very much attached to a lady who, during that time, has lived in his house, and governed his family, nor has he seen any cause whatever to suspect her fidelity. But arriving in town, rather unexpectedly, this morning, he
found

found his trusty valet in bed with his mistress. Though extremely enraged at such a discovery, he commanded his passions so far, as to wait till the highly favoured domestic was prepared to appear before him;—when, on asking the rascal, in a very peremptory tone, how he dared to take the liberty in which he had been detected, he replied with great calmness, and without the least hesitation, that his master, when he entered into his service, had particularly enjoined him to obey the Lady's commands in every thing; and that she had, the preceding night, commanded him to go to bed to her. This very insulting and unexpected reply, has occasioned that violent gust of passion which has driven the offender into the street."

"The business is laughable enough," said the Count, "and no rule of the drama appears to me to have been violated in the conduct of it. For my own part,

had I been the servant, I should have obeyed the commands of my mistress ; and had I been the master, I should have turned him out of doors for it.—But my good friend, very contrary to his usual practice, seems to have forgotten the lady, —what is become of her ?”

“ If you will take the trouble,” answered the Demon, “ of directing your looks to the upper-story, you will see the offending fair one, who, after consulting with her *femme de chambre* on the business, has began to pack up her paraphernalia ; that in case she should be sent off in the same whirlwind with her paramour, she may be prepared to take her moveables along with her.”

“ Talking of moveables,” said Don Cleofas, “ I see a very pretty quantity of them displayed on a table in the parlour almost opposite to us ; and if I might judge from their appearance, they have been
been

been but very lately removed from the silversmith's shop to the possession of the lady who is now examining them with such apparent satisfaction." "She is married," said Asmodeus, "to a gay West Indian of large fortune, who loves her better than any thing in the world, except a little dissipated harlot by whom he is infatuated. This very morning he ordered a compleat service of dressing plate for the baggage, but the silversmith, some how or other, mistook the object of the commission, and has made a most confounded blunder indeed, by sending it to the wife instead of the mistress. The gallant gentleman, however, after swearing pretty handsomely at the tradesman, will very wisely assume at home all the merit of the present, whose accidental destination he curses in his heart.

"That violent bustle at the door of a large house immediately to the right of us, arises from a circumstance which

might make good men look grave, but will furnish many an hearty laugh among the men of the town.

“ The gentleman who lives there, possessing the advantage of personal privilege, from being a member of Parliament, but without having a single acre of property, contrives, by some secret art, to live in all the elegance and fashion of an ample fortune. Happening yesterday morning to encounter one of his most importunate creditors in the street, he extricated himself from the man’s solicitations, by appointing him to call as to-day, for the payment of his demand; and not only desired him to be punctual as to the time, but added, ‘ If my rascals of servants
‘ should deny me, which I believe they
‘ frequently do, without my knowledge,
‘ to save themselves trouble, I desire you
‘ will not take their word, but walk on,
‘ without any ceremony, to my dressing-
‘ room, where I shall be ready to receive
‘ you.’

‘you.’ Solaced with these kind assurances, the good man took his leave with every expression of acknowledgement; and the amiable gentleman, on his return home, gave particular orders to his servants, when this person called the next morning, on no account whatever to admit him into the house.

“At the time appointed, however, the unsuspecting tradesman appeared at the door, and, on the master of the house being denied, he pushed forwards as he had been instructed; the servants had received their instructions also, and he was, at first, opposed with remonstrance and moderation. When, however, he strove with a very persevering spirit to effect his purpose, — force became absolutely necessary; and he has been discarded, as you see, from the door with that violence which has buried all his hopes of payment in the filth of a kennel. He is now threatening the utmost revenge of legal

prosecution; but his friends will advise him to save himself from general ridicule, by concealing in silence that catastrophe, which he had not the common understanding to foresee.

“That gentleman who is passing below us, is a man of a certain turn of humour, but who possesses a thousand good qualities. He has lately lost his wife;—nay, it was but last week that he consigned her with all that philosophy which marks a wise man, to the tomb of her ancestors.” “For my part,” said the Count, “I should rather have conceived, from the cheerfulness of his aspect and the smartness of his apparel, that he had been a bridegroom, rather than a widower; and that instead of having just lost a wife, he had just got one. On what whimsical principle can he reconcile his dispensing with the usual solemnity of fables on the mournful occasion?”

“To

“ To tell you the truth,” answered Asmodeus, “ which, by the bye, he does not scruple to tell all the world,—his late spouse was such a termagant devil, and, of course, led him such a life, that he absolutely wishes to publish the satisfaction he feels at being rid of her,—by thus adapting his exterior appearance to the joy of his heart.—He has, however, ordered a large bunch of black crape to be tied round the neck of the dog which follows him,—who was occasionally favoured by a kind word from his late mistress,—and is, therefore, the only one of the family who has any cause whatever to regret her.

“ By way of contrast, give a little of your attention to that lady in mourning, who is sitting at a table, and conversing with a gentleman in a dress of the same colour.—She has lately been deprived of the best husband in the world,—and has

put on the apparel of deep distress, in order to make people believe that she laments his loss. Her weeds are not only arranged according to the most rigid regulations of widowhood,—but she confines herself to her room,—sees little or no company,—and, in regarding with moistened eyes the portrait of that most excellent man her husband, which hangs before her, she finds her best, and, indeed, her only consolation.—This is the language she holds to the few who are admitted to the friendly, but fruitless endeavours to afford her consolation; and such is the discourse she is now addressing to her present visitor, who was a near relation, and intimate friend of the man she deploras.—When, however, he has taken his leave, she will immediately set about finishing a long letter to a very handsome young man, in the North, her criminal attachment to whom, hurried her doting husband to his grave.

“ In

“ In the garret of the same house, a very curious, though not uncommon ceremony is performing, to which I shall introduce you.—A footman of the family died there last night, who was remarkable for a very fine head of hair ;—and a fashionable peruquier, who has made a purchase of it from the nurse, is now engaged in separating it from the corpse, in order to form it into a braid for a lady of quality.

“ But I see a number of servants,” said the Count, “ all employed in raising a ladder to a window, at which a gentleman appears in a state of as much distress and impatience as if the house were on fire, and the flames at his heels ; yet I do not perceive any symptoms of such an accident.—To the use of a ladder, at midnight, I am not altogether a stranger, as your Worship well knows ;—but the descending in this manner, from an upper story, at mid-day, and in the face of the world, is a
G 6 piece.

piece of gallantry, which is so far from being familiar to my experience, that it is beyond the reach even of my comprehension."

"The history of this business," said the Demon, "is of that peculiar nature, as, at the same moment, to excite the opposite sensations of disgust and merriment. One abhors the transaction, without being able to refrain from laughing at it.

"The house which now attracts your notice, belongs to a noble Lord, whose character will be better explained by the account I am about to give you, than by a long declamation on the subject.—It may be necessary, however, to observe, that his Lordship's principal pleasure consists in associating with that kind of men who will submit to his folly, and join in his excesses for the sake of keeping company with a lord, and enjoying the good things of his table.—The person whom
you

you have seen escape from the window, is one of these respectable people,—and was particularly invited to the honour of breakfasting, this morning, with his noble patron.—Previous, however, to his arrival, the chocolate had been medicated with a very strong purgative drug; and of that balmy fluid the favoured guest was persuaded, without much difficulty, to take a very plentiful portion.—He was then invited, by the noble lady of the house, with a very innocent politeness, to wash it down with a few cups of tea. When his Lordship imagined the season of operation was drawing nigh, he quietly quitted the room; and, having double-locked the doors of it, he put the keys in his pocket, and sallied forth to take his morning walk,—leaving his wife and his friend totally unsuspecting of the project which was formed against them.

“ In a very short time, however, the latter was seized with a sudden, and most pressing

pressing necessity to quit the room;—but he found, to his utter astonishment and dismay, on making application to the doors, that all passage from thence was denied him. Modesty had long been a stranger to his character; and, as for any delicacy of sentiment, of any kind, he had never known it:—But he now felt himself in a predicament, for once in his life, when he experienced something like the influence of both.—To do him justice, his distress was extreme;—there was not a closet to receive, nor a screen to hide him; and the lady, who could not comprehend, at first, the cause of his strange confusion, became, in a short time, inexpressibly confused herself, by the ceremony that explained it.

“ To force the locks was impossible; and to break through double doors was not very practicable. — In short, there was no other method to effect an escape, but that which you have just witnessed; and,
before

before such an arrangement could be prepared, a scene was acted, of which I perceive, by the distortions of your countenance, that you have an adequate idea.— To crown the whole, the amiable and decent nobleman is now diverting himself and companions with an account of the situation in which he left his lady and his friend; and delighting himself with describing the probable circumstances of distress which have taken place between them.”

“ There is, I must confess,” said the Count, “ something ridiculous in the business; and a momentary smile may escape one on the recital of it; but, nevertheless, I feel such a degree of indignant contempt for this wretched animal of a lord, that you could not afford me a greater satisfaction than by making me witness to the revenge which will be taken of him for such a gross and unmanly violation of decency and honour.”

“ As

“As for the worthy gentleman,” replied the Demon, “whom you saw descend the ladder with such ridiculous precipitation, his heart has too much of the milk of human nature to meditate resentment. Nay, so perfectly amiable is his disposition, that he will, this very evening, sup with his Lordship, and join in the laugh against himself.—The lady, indeed, feels some sort of displeasure at the insult which has been offered her, and affects more. She will, however, console herself, by considering it as an excuse for certain agreeable liberties which she has been, for some time, in the habit of taking with her charming husband; and which, after the late treatment she has received, the fashionable world will be very much disposed to justify.—His Lordship’s heart is, without doubt, a very beatifully one; and, as for his head, her Ladyship has long since taken care to give that the same character.—In short, he wants
nothing

nothing but cloven feet, to be as complete a brute as ever fed in a pasture.

“ But I must take you from such gross and indecent company, and shall beg your attention to a scene of a very different complexion, now performing in the parlour of that house, before whose door a very elegant chariot is in waiting.—We have just been in the society of people who have no conscience at all ; but I shall now present you with a very striking example of the influence of that monitor of the human heart, in repeating to you a conversation that is taking place between a man of fashion and a respectable clergyman, whom you may observe to be speaking with a degree of warmth which marks the interest they both take in the subject of their discourse. This, indeed, is not a matter, which, as a Devil, I ought to communicate to you,—but, for your sake, I shall not feel a mortification in becoming, for once, a lecturer on the natural

tural philosophy of the human mind.—It is as follows :

G.—‘ If I do not greatly mitake,
‘ Sir, you occupied the pulpit of St.—’s
‘ church, on the morning of last Sunday.’

C.—‘ It is very true, Sir; I preached
‘ there on that day, and at the time you
‘ mention.’

G.—‘ Then, Sir, permit me to ask you,
‘ on what, or whose suggestion you thought
‘ proper to point out myself, and a certain
‘ lady, who were both of us present, to
‘ the congregation; as having that kind
‘ of connection with each other, against
‘ which your sermon was so expressly and
‘ forcibly delivered.’

C.—‘ You must really, Sir, do me the
‘ favour to explain yourself further, be-
‘ fore I can sufficiently comprehend the
‘ business,

‘ business, to give you a satisfactory answer.’

G.—‘ I must entreat you not to make
‘ an attempt at equivocation, as I am, by
‘ no means, in a state of mind to put up
‘ with it.—You cannot forget that your
‘ declamation was employed against adultery;
‘ and, throughout the whole of
‘ your discourse, your eye was continually
‘ upon me or the lady I have already
‘ mentioned, though we were in different
‘ parts of the church.—I therefore desire
‘ to know upon what information you
‘ ground your knowledge of our intimacy;
‘ and, if you should be able to produce
‘ the best, by what authority you dare to
‘ hold it forth to public notice?’

C.—‘ I really pity you too much, to
‘ feel the resentment which you deserve.—
‘ Sir, I neither know you nor the lady,—
‘ and therefore it was impossible for me
‘ to know that you had an adulterous
‘ connection

‘ connection with each other:—Indeed I
‘ am sincerely concerned that you have
‘ yourself thought proper, in this very
‘ strange way, to make me the confidant
‘ of your guilt.’

G.—‘ Such an answer, I cannot but
‘ consider as a very mean and cowardly
‘ evasion. However, Sir, your profession
‘ obliges me to consider you as a Gen-
‘ tleman; and, in that character, I trust
‘ you will not refuse to give me the personal
‘ satisfaction I shall demand of you.—
‘ You may be assured, Sir, that I will
‘ not rest till I have revenged the injury
‘ you have done me, and the woman who
‘ is dearer to me than all the world be-
‘ sides.’

C.—‘ Your violence, Sir, does not give
‘ me the least alarm; nor shall it prevent
‘ me from acting as I ought, by repeat-
‘ ing, on my honour and conscience, as a
‘ gentleman, and as a clergyman, that I
‘ never

‘ never, to my knowledge, saw or heard
‘ of you till this visit.—My preaching
‘ in the church which you frequent, was
‘ purely accidental; but as I knew
‘ that it is attended by a very fashionable
‘ congregation, I was determined to preach
‘ with all the energy and powers I pos-
‘ sessed, against a very fashionable vice:
‘ and as to my looking occasionally to-
‘ wards two people who were guilty of
‘ it, that was also a matter of accident,
‘ and arose from the habit of addressing
‘ myself to such particular parts of a
‘ church, as may cause my voice to be
‘ more distinctly heard in every part of
‘ it.—This, Sir, is the truth; and I
‘ shall not dishonour the place from
‘ whence I delivered my offensive doc-
‘ trine, nor the master whom I serve, by
‘ retracting or palliating a syllable of it;
‘ and, if the declaration I have now made,
‘ does not satisfy your wounded pride, I
‘ stand before you, an unresisting object
‘ of

‘ of your revenge ; and if you chuse to
‘ add murder to adultery, the choice is
‘ with you. I have endeavoured to make
‘ my life useful, by promulgating the
‘ truths of that religion, to whose service
‘ I am devoted ; nor am I afraid to die
‘ in support of them. And now, Sir, let
‘ me ask, in my turn, how you and your
‘ lustful paramour dare to appear in a
‘ place of sacred worship, with all the
‘ rankness of your offence upon you ; and
‘ to insult your Creator, by making the
‘ solemnities of his religion a cloak for
‘ one of the most obnoxious crimes that
‘ is engendered by the corruption of man-
‘ kind ? I shall, however, treat you bet-
‘ ter than you deserve, by being the faith-
‘ ful depository of a secret, which your
‘ own folly has betrayed ; and, while I
‘ summon my servant to open the door
‘ for you, I charitably and sincerely ad-
‘ vise you, to go and sin no more, lest a
‘ worse thing should befall you.’

“ The

“ The clergyman,” continued Asmodeus, “ as you may perceive, on the arrival of the servant, quits the room ; and the gentleman sneaks to his chariot :—” “ In order, I suppose,” said the Count, “ to tell the lady the ill success of his errand with the parson.” “ By no means,” replied the Demon ; “ he will, on the contrary, return home ; and after reflecting seriously on his situation, will determine to see her no more. But this is not all ;—in a very few days, he will pay a second visit to the clergyman, to assure him of the resolution he has taken,—to thank him for having produced it,—and to beg the honour and consolation of his friendship during his life.”

“ I really imagined,” said Don Cleofas, “ that the clergy were, from the nature of their profession, as much exempted as women from this kind of disputation ; but, perhaps, it may be the custom of this country to think otherwise. Indeed, if my
eyes

eyes do not deceive me, as I most sincerely wish they may, I see a gentleman, at this moment, with a pistol in his hand, addressing a young lady with that degree of vehement passion, as fills me with alarm, lest he should conclude his discourse by putting an end to her existence." "It is her father," said the Demon:—"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed the Count; "is it possible?" "Do not interrupt me," replied Asmodeus; "it is her father, and the history is a sad one;—but you shall have it.

"The young lady, who is beautiful, amiable, and accomplished, has some time ago, been disappointed in love; and, in consequence of a tender prepossession, which occupies all the affections of her heart, she has resolutely opposed the reiterated entreaties and commands of her parents, to accept the proposals of a silly young man of large fortune, whom she is disposed to detest. Her father, whose af-
fairs

fairs are very much on the decline, and who is, for many weighty reasons, very deeply interested in the proposed establishment of his daughter, has, after every other method had proved fruitless, determined upon one which will prove successful. In short, he is now informing her, that he is on the very brink of ruin; that nothing can preserve him from it, but her consent to the match which has been proposed; and that if she hesitates to receive his friend for her husband, she will, in a few minutes, be deprived of a father;—as he is come with a determined resolution to punish any further refusal, by putting an end to his life in her presence.

“ Thus is her consent to be wretched, during the rest of her days, wrung from her distracted mind; and she will shortly enter upon a scene of splendid misery, with an husband whom she cannot love, deprived of the consolations of a father, whom she can no longer respect; and reduced, as

the only source, even of visionary comfort, to sooth her sickly imagination with dreams of happiness that will never be realized.

“ But we will turn from this scene of distress, to some object or other which may create, at least, less painful sensations ; and that coach which has just stopped at the door of this very house on which we are perched, contains one which will suit our purpose.

“ It is an elderly woman of good fortune, who has this morning paid five and twenty visits, and found but one admittance ; which happened, by the bye, from the ignorance of a new servant, who is not yet sufficiently instructed in the denials of his lady. This good woman, as she gives occasional entertainments, has a very numerous acquaintance ; but has contrived to make her private society avoided, as much as possible, by them
all,

all, from the possession of a virtue that she calls sincerity, but which they denominate an irresistible propensity to say unpleasant things. The truth is, that a certain bluntness of thought and expression, which however disagreeable to others, cannot be openly resented or retorted as an affront, forms the whim, the habit, and the happiness of this old lady's life. It may, indeed, at the same time, be observed, that those people who pique themselves on the virtue of a rude sincerity, or what they oftentimes call speaking their minds, are very seldom known to possess any other.

“ From this pleasant woman, I shall turn your attention to that worthy gentleman who has just come out of his house, and meeting an acquaintance at the bottom of the steps, with whom he exchanged a few words, turned abruptly back again: Being told by a morning visitor that it was the finest day there had been for a long time, he immediately dressed himself, took

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his

his cane, and sallied forth to enjoy the charming weather, when meeting with a person, as you have just seen, who informed him that though the sun shone bright, there was a cutting wind in the shade, he hurried within doors, ordered his Study fire to be replenished, and is preparing to guard himself against the inclemency of the season.

“He is an amiable, benevolent man, but has no will or opinion of his own; and is always governed by that of the last person whom he has seen: so that his sentiments are as unsteady and variable as the weathercock on his parish church.

“An author whom he reads in the morning, may be the first writer in the world; at noon, perhaps, the work may have lost some of its merit, and be inferior to many others on the same subject; at night, the matter may be an entire plagiarism,—the style turgid and unintelligible,
and

and the book itself a gross imposition on the public. As for his religion,—he has been a member of the established church, a Presbyterian, an Anabaptist, a Moravian, and a Methodist; nor would he have escaped an occasional submission to the triple crown, if the preliminaries of initiation had not been too dilatory for his transient character. As for his politics, they are influenced by the same characteristic instability:—To-day, the Minister is a young man of the first talents, and the most patriot virtues. To-morrow, he may possess a certain arbitrary spirit, and intractable temper, together with a want of experience, which will render his administration obnoxious to the public welfare. On the third day, he may be an hot-headed, vain, ambitious, silly, prating boy; and on the fourth, he may be the saviour of his country. Thus is this poor gentleman blown about by every wind of opinion,—and he will continue to be so, till fate has fixed him in the grave.”

“ That irresistible power, as it appears to me,” said Don Cleofas, “ has been busy very near him ; for I see, at this moment, in an apartment of the adjoining house, the servitors of death busily occupied in arraying a lifeless body for its long home.” “ It is very true,” replied the Demon ; “ they are preparing the last ceremonies for an unhappy man, who died by an act of his own despair. He has fallen a sacrifice to the love of gaming, and the progress of his fatal passion will appear in the history, as it formed the principal feature, of his life.

“ Sir William B——— was a man of fortune ; his paternal estate descended to him with the inconvenience of some incumbrances, but still the clear revenue was very considerable. No sooner did he attain the possession of it, than he determined to recover the follies of his father, and leave his fortune without any burden whatever, to his descendants, by the resources

sources of play. There requires, however, more than a good end in view ; the means must be good by which it is pursued, in order to found a rational claim to success.

“ Sir William, indeed, on the principle which experience has established, was one of those who could not gain, because he set out with something to lose.— But he was not, at the same time, among the number of those who are the obvious dupes of all that join them. He studied play as a science, before he seriously engaged in the practice ; he made himself master of the different games, and was perfect in the science of calculation : he knew where the odds lay, and what they were, under every circumstance ; and was always clear in understanding the superiority that one man possessed over another in the match, as well as under the different chances of the game.

“ With these advantages, and with a large capital, some might imagine that this gentleman set out on a rational plan of improving his fortune by this honourable profession. He himself, indeed, was of that opinion, but he was fatally deceived. Besides all the practical knowledge that can be obtained of play, the possession of prudence is essentially necessary : a command of temper is requisite to give a man an opportunity of employing his talents, and without it, the most scientific lover of play, will become a dupe to a person of very inferior skill, who is in the possession of it.

“ A knowledge of mankind is the leading quality of a gamester's character, and it is on that foundation he builds his assurance of plunder. He studies the passions of those with whom he associates ; while he has none of his own ; or, at least, is never actuated by them when the business of his life is before him. He will rouse
them

them by a thousand artifices ; and he will exasperate, and elevate them at his pleasure. With the obstinate, he will make a run of ill-luck provoke them to a deeper stake to recover their losses, under circumstances in which it is almost impossible for them to win. With the more timid, he will make success the bait ; and lose for two successive nights, in order to engage his companion to stake ten times as much as he had won, on the third ; and in a state of the chances, when little less than a miracle could prevent him from losing it.

“ Such are the arts of the professed gamester, from the master of a turn-about, who strips the Christmas apprentice of his halfpence, to the embroidered or titled sharper, who sweeps the tables in Pall-Mall and St. James’s Street. Such are the arts by which men thrive at the gaming-house ; but as they are beneath the practice of those who have money to

H 5

lose,—

lose,—the reason is evident why they must be losers.

“ It would be descending to a scene much more infamous, if I were to describe the tricks of the sharper (for what I have already mentioned is not stigmatized by so harsh a name) who carries false dice and supernumerary cards in his pockets,—who lays in wait at taverns for young men who are intoxicated with wine, or whom he can contrive to intoxicate, and plunders them in that unguarded condition. This is universally considered as fraud and cheating ; the rest is only a knowledge of mankind, and playing the best of the game.

“ Sir William B——, who was not only a man of fortune, but a man of honour, was as much above that baseness which is countenanced under the softer term, as that which is condemned under the harsher appellation. He would scarce believe the existence of such villainous arts and dishonourable practices ; but considered

dered them as bugbears, invented by careful parents, to keep their sons from the dangers of pleasurable life; and if such evils should have intruded themselves on society, he trusted to his own discernment for the discovery of them, and to his resolution for preserving himself from the influence of them. Nothing is more easy than, in the moments of cool reflection, to form a line of prudent conduct; and it often happens that nothing is more difficult than, in the hour of trial, to prevent a deviation from it.

“ The infatuated Baronet, who determined to play, as every other person does, with a design to win, laid it down as an undeviating rule, that he would never engage with any but those who had something to lose; and he possessed all opportunities of informing himself concerning the property of those who frequented the places devoted to the higher species of gaming. As he was well instructed in the advantages of play, he resolved never to risk his money where

they would oppose him, and satisfied with the games at which he excelled, he very sensibly determined to play at them alone.

“ Here, surely, was a plan as wisely formed as can well be conceived ; and, in an adherence to whose regulations, it was very natural to suppose, that he must be successful. But the best mine may become useless, if there should be another formed beneath it, and the train itself will miss of its effect, if the ingredients are imperfect. Both these circumstances tended to disconcert the plan which this honourable gamester had laid with such scientific skill and precaution. He, it is true, had sunk deep, but there were among the enemy more experienced engineers than himself, who had taken care to lodge themselves beneath him ; and though all the resolutions he had taken, were perfectly right in theory, he was ignorant of those temptations which might induce him to break them. His passions were more powerful than he would give himself leave to
sup-

suppose, when they were not excited ; and unconscious of the provocations they would be called to sustain, he was not upon his guard against the advantages that the latter would possess over the former.—In short, he commenced gamester.

“ Almost all win when they begin the business.—It is an old observation ; but, like many others, it is not so well understood as remembered. The Devil, it is said, gives them this advantage, to lead them further into the scrape ;—but, you may take my word for it, that it is by no means necessary to have recourse to the supernatural agency of that respectable personage. The good people with whom they play, have much of his cunning, and many of his excellent qualities ;—they suffer them to win, that they may be lured to the snare ; and act in perfect obedience to their principles, when they lose from so good a prospect. One ill run, at the out-set, would deter many a man from proceeding a step further ;

further; but one evening of success, fixes him for ever.—If he loses, on the second, twice the sum that he had won on the first,—if he loses that which would have driven him for ever from the table, on a first attempt, he considers it now as the effect of that chance which might have been in his favour:—He recollects the sum that he won yesterday,—and he thinks it will be his turn to win to-morrow.—He involves himself in still deeper losses,—and determines on another attempt, as a chance, under which fortune cannot desert him;—when he sacrifices so much, that the rest is not worth his care.

“ He who played at first, because he was covetous, now does it because he is desperate.—The remainder is not worth preserving, when it may prove the means of recovering what is gone; and there is no small source of consolatory hope in the reflection, that the runs of ill-luck are not, any more than those of good fortune,

tune, eternal.—If he plays with those who are above the practices of professed sharpers, he will probably win, on some succeeding night; and, from this time, he finds himself entered too far to retreat. His fortune, incumbered to a degree beyond all hope, but that of play, to restore it,—the remaining pittance unequal to his expences, and useless to his pleasures—he keeps alive, perhaps, for a few years, amidst the continual vicissitudes of fortune—and then drops into nothing.

“ Thus it happens to all who play, excepting only the few who have capacities to comprehend, and calmness to take the advantages that offer, or who are base and villainous enough to create them.—Such was the situation of the unfortunate hero of my story.—Impatient under losses, or mad with success, his passions had made him the property of all who played with him; and he had already lost two-thirds of a very considerable fortune, when, in the fever of his mind, he formed a temporary

rary connection with a woman of the town.—He was fluctuating between affluence and beggary, while he was acquainted with her; and the presents which were thrown into her lap, after evenings of success,—forgetful that fortune had a right to reclaim what she had lent him, aided the miserable progress of his undoing.

“Notwithstanding all the address, skill, and boasted resolution of this unhappy man, he not only very generally played with the advantages against him,—but also chose, for his favourite antagonist, one of those very people against whom he formed the most serious determinations. One of those professed gamblers had fixed upon him as his prey, during the first nights of his appearance at the gaming-table :—He ingratiated himself with him, by losing freely, and paying honourably :—He was ever ready to play at any games, and on any conditions, which the unsuspecting Baronet thought proper to suggest : He lost to him, at one sitting, a moderate

rate fortune, on the presumption of being able to fix him as his antagonist; and, when the bait was once swallowed, the scene began to change:—What Sir William had won, as he thought, by his skill, of which he was so proud, was shortly recovered by tricks, which he neither perceived or suspected.

“ Thus did he proceed, till the small, comparative sum of three thousand pounds was all that he could raise, on what remained of his former ample possessions.—This was his last stake, and he determined, by one bold stroke, to retrieve his fortune, or fix his ruin.—To the gaming-house he went for the last time; and, after playing with various success, through the night, he found himself in the morning without a farthing, or a resource in the world.—The harpy who had sucked his last drop of blood, accompanied him to his lodgings, to settle their accounts; and when this unhappy, but honourable man, had satisfied

fied him to the utmost of his power,—
‘ I have,’ said he, ‘ paid the debt I owed
‘ to you ;—it now becomes me to discharge
‘ another, which I owe to myself :—Do
‘ not be alarmed,—I am only going to do
‘ that now, which you will probably find
‘ it necessary to do hereafter ;’—and, taking
a pistol from his bureau, which had been
prepared for the event, he put an immediate end to his existence.

“ Such, my friend, is the philosophy of gaming ; and, for the present, I shall only repeat the observation, which, if I mistake not, I have already made to you, that to say a man is a gamester, is to represent him as devoid of every quality that can ennoble the human mind.—The fate

such a character must be already pretty well known to you, as it relates to this world ;—when, however, I perform my promise of discovering to you a prospect of the infernal regions, you shall be satisfied as to his allotment in another.”

“ But

"But this seems," said Don Cleofas, "to be rather a fatal spot; for, in the very next house, I have this instant seen a gentleman, of an Herculean figure, throw a little, prim, well-dressed man, down a flight of stairs, with a degree of violence which makes me tremble for his life."

"He is not dead yet, however," answered the Demon, "for his outcries are loud enough to reach us. The fall, it is true, was a very severe one,—but, luckily, he is more frightened than hurt;—nor are any of his limbs broken;—a few handsome bruises, of which, by the bye, he can cure himself, are all the inconveniencies he will suffer from the shock he has received;—and there is, withal, something so truly ridiculous in his disaster, that his best friends will not be able to hear him relate the history of it with a serious countenance.

A country

“ A country lady lodges in that house ; and, being troubled with some of those inconvenient [sensations which denote a state of pregnancy, was advised by one of her town acquaintance, as a matter of indispensable necessity, to consult a man-midwife,—and this good man, whom you have seen so grievously insulted, and who is a very eminent practitioner, was unfortunately consulted on the occasion ; for, on his first visit, the lady’s husband, a country fox-hunting ’squire, who had not been in London for fifteen years, and knew nothing of those medical improvements, or of the indisposition that required their application, went accidentally into the drawing-room ; when, seeing his wife stretched upon a sofa, and a man taking those liberties with her which he had no idea any one ought to take but himself,—he, without making any enquiry, or demanding any explanation, seized the poor Doctor by the collar, dragged him to the
top

top of the stair-case, and dealt with him as you have just witnessed.

“ To say the truth, there may be cases, both in the business of pregnancy and child-birth, where the skill of male-practitioners will be absolutely requisite ;—but the universal application to them, upon all occasions, is one of those practices which have arisen from the corruptions of the times,—is very destructive of female modesty, and prepares the way to female libertinism. For nothing can be more evident, than that a woman, who is in the habit of allowing certain liberties to men, even of the medical profession, will lose much of that delicacy which forms the best protection against similar liberties from professors of a very different science. In short, to communicate a little secret to you, the business of man-midwifery, man-millinery, and every other business which unnecessarily brings men to fiddle-faddle about women, was of your humble servant’s invention,

invention,—and the scheme succeeds beyond my most sanguine expectation.—It was an hit, for which, believe me, I got ve ry great credit at my own court.

“ In the upper story of the white house, whose windows are decorated with pots of flowers, there is an example of another species of seduction, which is also of modern invention, and was the work of a little speculating spirit of great genius. He is the inventor of circulating libraries,—those plenteous sources of mischief to the female mind;—and enjoys, as his reward, the superintendence of them.

“ In that apartment, you see a young lady, reading at her toilette, while her *femme-de-chambre* is employed in dressing her hair.—She reads aloud, for the benefit of her attendant as well as herself; and the volume is obtained from one of those repositories which are to be found in every
part

part of the town, for the purpose of awakening or inflaming the passions of young women, and instructing them in all the various modes of gratification.—The mother of the young lady is a woman of too much understanding to permit the prosecution of such studies; but the maid, like most other maids in her situation, prefers the pleasure of her young mistress to the commands of her old one; and, therefore, contrives to procure that kind of elegant, amusing, and instructive reading for the former, which is absolutely prohibited by the latter.

“ But books are not the only amusement which this faithful Abigail procures for her lady;—she occasionally communicates certain animating epistles from a very handsome young man of small fortune, who has a very natural ambition to possess himself of a fine girl, the heiress of a great one.

“ The

“ The pains employed in educating this young beauty, and the wise lessons of maternal instruction which are daily repeated to her, have not, however, been entirely thrown away :—And, though she feels a strong prepossession in favour of her lover, and has consented to a secret epistolary intercourse with him,—she could not, for a considerable time, allow herself to hear a suggestion of taking a single step towards matrimony, without the willing consent, and entire approbation of her parents. She is too sensible of their affection for her, and too grateful for their indulgence to her, to engage in a project which might render the rest of their days unhappy ; and, perhaps, prove the cause of separating her from them for ever.—The quiet insinuations which had, at times, been artfully dropped by her watchful confidante, in order to forward the object she had in view, were either not understood, or angrily opposed.—But these excellent principles, though they stood

firm against an open assault, were gradually undermined, by the covered engines of a circulating library.—Indeed, what young female mind, which was warmed by the common glow of nature, could withstand the united efforts of a favoured lover, an artful waiting-maid, and a library of novels?—Her sentiments, therefore, have, of late, undergone a considerable change; and the book she is now reading, will complete the business.

“ As the history it contains is an essential part of the business, I shall trouble you with an hasty sketch of it.

‘ The beautiful and accomplished HEN-
 ‘ RIETTA, the only child of people of
 ‘ high fashion and large fortune, falls in
 ‘ love with a very worthy young man, of
 ‘ some fashion, but little fortune.—After
 ‘ some painful, but fruitless struggles with
 ‘ her duty, she sacrifices to love, runs
 ‘ away to Scotland, and retires, with an
 VOL. IV. I ‘ adored

‘ adored and adoring husband, to a small
‘ house, in a remote, but beautiful part
‘ of the kingdom; where they realised the
‘ life of Arcadia, when the world was
‘ young, manners uncorrupt, and the age
‘ a golden one.’

‘ But Henrietta’s parents, who were al-
‘ most distracted at her conduct, were not
‘ to be soothed into forgiveness, by the
‘ accounts which she wrote to them of her
‘ William’s worth, and her own happi-
‘ ness.—She had been disobedient to their
‘ commands, ungrateful to their kind-
‘ ness, and hostile to their ambition.—
‘ Henrietta might have been a Duchess—
‘ for, at the time she ran away, a match
‘ was secretly agitating for her with a
‘ young Duke;—so that, instead of enno-
‘ bling her family, she had disgraced it;
‘ and, instead of appearing in the first
‘ rank of the great world, she was lost in
‘ the obscurity of a distant valley.

‘ Such

‘ Such was the subject of the only letter
‘ she received, after her marriage, from
‘ her mother, who assured her it would be
‘ the last. This circumstance did not pass
‘ by without a pang,—but it was soon lost
‘ in the consolations of the man she loved;
‘ and the cruelty of her parents was forgotten in the arms of her husband.—
‘ At length, however, their pecuniary resources began to fail;—William’s little
‘ fortune was melting fast away; and no
‘ notice was taken, either by her father or
‘ mother, of their distressful applications to
‘ them.

‘ But it is not in the nature of things,
‘ for two amiable people, who love one
‘ another, to be miserable. — Finding,
‘ therefore, that they were neglected by
‘ all the world, they determined, in future, to depend on themselves alone.—
‘ Happy in that mutual affection, which
‘ seemed to grow under oppression, they
‘ resolved to treat the world as it had

‘ treated them ; and having quitted the place
‘ whi h they had for some time inhabited in
‘ their own character, they sought another
‘ part of the kingdom, where they employ-
‘ ed the little that remained of their little
‘ fortune, to qualify them, under an assum-
‘ ed appearance, to gain by employment
‘ and labour, that support which they had
‘ no prospect whatever of obtaining by
‘ any other means. Henrietta could not
‘ forbear shedding a tear at this reverse
‘ of fortune, but a smile of virtuous con-
‘ tentment which she saw on William’s
‘ countenance, dried it up for ever.

‘ In this new situation it might be sup-
‘ posed that they would, at first, experience
‘ many wants ;—but it was no such thing,
‘ for love supplied them all. Besides,
‘ other duties presented themselves, and
‘ new ties of affection, were formed ;—for
‘ Henrietta became, in three successive
‘ years, the mother of as many chil-
‘ dren.—It was now near twice that
‘ period

‘ period since this happy pair had lived in
‘ all the luxury of unenvied and uninter-
‘ rupted love ; when, on a summer even-
‘ ing, while William was guiding the
‘ tendril of a woodbine round his porch,
‘ a servant in an elegant livery, rode ha-
‘ stily up to him, and entreated his assist-
‘ ance in repairing the shaft of his master’s
‘ chaise, which had met with an accident
‘ on the other side of the common. He
‘ was not of a temper to be backward in
‘ affording such assistance as was in his
‘ power, to any who asked it ; but while
‘ he went to fetch the implements neces-
‘ sary for the purpose, the chaise arrived at
‘ the cottage, and an elderly lady and gen-
‘ tleman soon followed it.

‘ William immediately invited them to
‘ his little dwelling ; and while he was as-
‘ sisting the servants in their endeavours to
‘ repair the chaise, his guests were lost in
‘ wonder at the charming simplicity and
‘ humble comfort which reigned in the

‘ scene around them. Little do these
‘ people know (said the old gentleman)
‘ what they envy, when they envy us; and
‘ little do they think, that in our rooms of
‘ state and magnificence, there is nothing
‘ like the real satisfaction which is enjoyed
‘ in this straw-roofed dwelling. This
‘ is a place where nothing seems to be
‘ wanting to happiness, that, in the eye
‘ of wisdom, can be expected to bestow it.
‘ The flowers how fragrant;—the fruits
‘ how plentiful;—what an air of comfort
‘ breathes, as it were, around us :—and as
‘ three lovely children ran into the room,
‘ —here—(said the lady) here are cherubs
‘ who might ascend to Heaven, and
‘ be at once acknowledged there !

‘ While they were thus communicating
‘ their sentiments on the innocent joys of
‘ rural life, William entered to inform
‘ them, that it would be absolutely necessary
‘ to send the chaise to the next
‘ town to be rendered fit for service ; and
‘ that,

‘ that, they must mortify themselves,
‘ for the night, with such a poor re-
‘ ception as he could give them. I
‘ would (added he) offer you the best re-
‘ freshments of my cottage, but I see my
‘ wife bringing her sheep across the mead,
‘ and, in a short time, she will be here to
‘ do it with a better grace. As he spoke,
‘ they saw Henrietta approach, with her
‘ flock following her.

‘ Tho’ the pride of her former life was
‘ forgotten, the graces of it still remained;
‘ and the courtly strangers could not
‘ reconcile themselves to the majestic air
‘ and graceful step of this amiable shep-
‘ herdess. William met her with the
‘ children at the fold; and having in-
‘ formed her of what had happened in her
‘ absence, she returned hastily, with her
‘ little ones clinging around her, to pay
‘ her duty to her guests. As they went
‘ forth from the porch to meet her, what

‘ an interesting groupe is that (said the
‘ old gentleman);— interesting indeed,
‘ (exclaimed the lady) to us both! for,
‘ if I live, it is our daughter. Henrietta
‘ knew her mother’s voice—and, before her
‘ father could recover from his astonish-
‘ ment, they fainted in each other’s arms.
‘ William soon added another figure to
‘ this affecting scene, which ended in mu-
‘ tual acknowledgement and forgiveness;
‘ and this evening, passed in the cottage,
‘ was declared by them all, to be the hap-
‘ piest of their lives.

‘ But though enraptured at this dome-
‘ tic union, and feeling the most ardent
‘ desire to satisfy the wishes of their pa-
‘ rents, this rural pair could not be per-
‘ suaded to re-enter into the gay world,
‘ and assume their proper station in it.—
‘ They were willing to quit their humble
‘ occupation, but the spot where they
‘ had lived in such uninterrupted happi-
‘ ness,

‘ness, was never to be abandoned.—
‘But the estate on which the cottage
‘stood, happening at this time to be on
‘sale, Henrietta’s father made the pur-
‘chase of it, and built a noble house
‘for himself and his children, where
‘he passed the close of his life with them,
‘in a state of unruffled satisfaction, which
‘he had never experienced in any former
‘part of it.

‘The cottage, however, remains unal-
‘tered; but instead of crowning a mea-
‘dow, is now the ornament of a park.—
‘Nor do William and Henrietta forget
‘their former dwelling: they continue
‘their fond attentions to it, and frequently
‘leave their splendid apartments, and pass
‘an evening there, to indulge themselves
‘in the luxurious remembrance of former
‘times, and join in gratitude to that be-
‘nevolent Power, who has rewarded their
‘pure and faithful affection with the tran-
‘scendent happiness they now enjoy.’

“ Such is the story which our heroine on the opposite side of the street, is reading with so much attention. As soon as she has finished it, she will determine to run away with her lover ; and to-morrow night will quit her father’s house, which she will never enter more. But, alas ! she will find no doting husband, or happy cottage, or relenting parent. In three months, the man she risked so much to marry, will be careless about her ; in six months she will hate him ; in nine months she will be a mother ; and in twelve, her husband, the object of her present idolatry, disappointed of that fortune which he expected to have possessed on marrying her, will set off for the East Indies, leaving her to the cruel care of a distant maiden relation—who, out of pure compassion, will give the deserted woman her daily bread, and embitter it by daily reproaches.”

“ And now, my good friend,” added the Demon, “ we will finish our morning’s
I amuse-

amusement : a business of some little difficulty must be executed by me, before I see you again :—I will, therefore, conduct you home, and before your Lordship has finished your desert, I will again present myself to your commands.” He had no sooner spoken, than the Count was wafted through the air with the swiftness of an arrow ; and, in a few moments, alighted at the door of his hotel. He immediately retired to his apartment, ordered his dinner, and amused the interval in reflecting on the various scenes and characters which had employed his morning observations.



C H A P. XV.

The DEVIL upon TWO STICKS conducts DON CLEOFAS a second Time into the City, and shews him several Evening Scenes in that Quarter of the Metropolis.

THE Count had finished his dinner, dismissed his desert, and taken his coffee, but no Devil upon Two Sticks appeared; and he had thrown himself upon the sofa, in order to amuse himself with a nap, till his conductor should arrive; but just as he was settling him to his repose, Asmodeus made his appearance.

“As your Worship is rather beyond your time,” said Don Cleofas, “I am to suppose that some unexpected difficulty
has

has arisen and prolonged your stay. Some little fortrefs of female virtue, that stood a longer siege than you expected :—Is it not so?"—— "Ah! my good friend," answered the Demon, "I had a far more serious obstacle than that to encounter ;—female whim is, in general, much more difficult to subdue than female virtue ; and I have been employed about the most whimsical little creature that ever came across my experience ; nor did I ever find it so hard a task to bring a fond young woman to reason, as on the present occasion.

" Julia, about two years ago, and when she was but eighteen, married a very respectable man, whose age approached to forty. Julia was, in her nature, gentle and timid ; nevertheless, she had a lively imagination, which had been heightened by the study of novels and romances ; so that though she was in general ignorant of the ways of the world, her mind was very
well

well instructed as to the errors of love, and the history of lovers.

“ Her husband, negligent in his dress, unaffectedly polite in his manners, and sensible in his conversation, did not, altogether, answer to the idea she had formed of a lover. But the void was filled up by his nephew, a very amiable young man, who was just returned from his travels.— She found in him, a perfect resemblance to those lovers whose character had charmed her in the descriptions of novels; and without knowing it, she paid him those particular attentions which inspired him with courage to lay siege to this beautiful fortress.

“ He told her of his passion,—eagerly listened to the tale of his heart, and was most willing to believe it; but still she could not think of swerving from her duty.— She esteemed her husband in the highest degree, respected him as a father, and felt the

the most tender friendship for him. She could not, therefore, bring herself to consent to an arrangement which would be throwing a ridicule upon his character.— Her lover redoubled his attentions, and she felt an encreasing sense of them, but still she resisted. Nay, when he was one evening in the garden, and by moon-light, urging his suit at her feet, she honestly acknowledged to him, with tears in her eyes, the real situation of her heart ; but, at the same time, declared she could not, tho' it should remain a secret to all the world, place her husband in a point of view which would appear ridiculous to herself ; that she could never bear to live with a man whom she should treat with such contempt : In short, to avow the prevailing sentiment of her mind,—she could not support the horrid idea of being the wife of a cuckold.

“ Such was her ridiculous prejudice ; and it may surprise you, perhaps, when I tell you, that a very handsome accomplished
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ed young man, whom she violently loves, was not able to cure her of it, without a little of the Devil's assistance. I have, therefore, stepped in to his aid, and, I believe, before another fortnight is past, her whim will be entirely dismissed, and she will laugh most sincerely at the present folly of it.

“ Having thus,” continued Asmodeus, “ given a very faithful account of myself, since I had the honour of seeing you last, you will have no objection, I presume, to proceed on our evening excursion. The citizens, those harmless, amiable, uncorrupted people, will be the principal objects of it. I will also amuse you, for a quarter of an hour, in our way, at a temple dedicated by his present Majesty to the fine arts, where you will see some original designs that may amuse you.” The mode of travelling which Asmodeus employed for his friend, was not liable to delay or interruption ; so that Don Cleofas immediately

diately found himself, with his conductor, under the gateway of Somerset Buildings. They, of course, passed invisibly into the chamber where the Academicians were assembled and engaged in debating a matter of the first importance to the prosperity of the institution, and the honour of the arts.

“ Here you see,” said the Demon, “ an assembly of the principal artists of this country ; and it will excite your astonishment, perhaps, when I inform you, that so much jealousy, envy and malignity, is not to be found in any aggregate body of men whatever, as in that which is now beneath your observation. They are all professors of the liberal arts, with scarce a liberal sentiment in their breasts to each other.— A band of ambitious statesmen all looking to the same honour ;—a groupe of needy courtiers all candidates for the same place ;—a party of fashionable coquettes who are in love with the same man, are far excelled
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in the meanness, as well as the violence of envious hatred, by the members of a profession, whose pursuits and employments have a natural tendency, as might be thought, to produce noble and humane sentiments. They are brought up in the study of beautiful forms, that they may acquire the skill of representing them with truth, and arranging them with judgment. The charms of rude nature, and the grace of polished art,—the constituent parts as well as the masses of grandeur and sublimity,—female delicacy and gigantic strength,—the nursing mother and the dying hero,—in short, whatever is most exquisite in individual beauty or general harmony, are objects that must be so familiar to their minds, as to become a part of them:—Nevertheless, these humanising ideas and habits cannot damp the envious propensities of their hearts.

“ But this malevolent and ruling passion, does not appear to arise so much from a
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competition for fame, as a competition for profit ; for its general object is living merit. A dead painter, who has, of course, left his business to be shared by his late enemies, shall have more praise from them in an hour, than he had ever received during the course of his life. Yesterday, he was at his easel, his room was hung with unfinished portraits,—coaches were waiting at his door, and not only astonishment but contempt followed the fools that employed him.—To-day, Death has snatched the pencil from his hand,—his rival merit is no more,—and they who were its calumniators but yesterday, can lament the loss which the arts have sustained on the morrow.

Sævis inter se convenit urfis.

“ The lawyers, who live, as it were, by the malevolent passions of men, are never seen to practise this miserable jealousy.—The other liberal professions justify their name by their conduct. How then is it
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to be reconciled to the general order of things, that the professors of the polite arts should be so savage to each other?—If it should be the nature of their education and pursuits to produce a more delicate sensibility to fame, than in the breasts of other men; or if poverty is the general concomitant of an artist's entrance into his profession, we may account, in a great degree, for the colour of their lives; and some sort of reasonable conjecture may be formed, why emulation, that happy parent of excellence, is changed, in their characters, to the bitter hostilities of envious competition.

“ I speak, however,” continued the Demon, “ with some degree of diffidence on this subject; for though I know pretty well the nature of the human passions, and can, in certain cases, apply them to my purpose; yet they are sometimes so irregular and eccentric, as to puzzle me in attempting to discover their origin; the
human

human heart is such a deceitful thing, that my master himself cannot always get to the bottom of it.—But we will now quit opinion for fact, and take a cursory view of the individuals of this respectable assembly.

“ The person who sits in a fine gilded chair, at the upper end of the table, and employs a machine to aid a very imperfect state of hearing, is the president of this Society. As a painter, he ranks in the first line of modern masters, and is, therefore, continually abused by those who rank in the lowest. His superior professional genius, his large fortune, and the elevated sphere of society in which he moves, have very naturally placed him at the head of the artists in this country, as well as raised him to the seat of honour which he, at this moment, occupies.—In this situation, his attention is divided between the prosperity of the academy and his own personal importance; and some censorious
people

people have not hesitated to assert, that the former is often sacrificed to the latter.—Persuaded, perhaps, in his own mind, that he is, in a pre-eminent degree, qualified to judge of what is beneficial to the institution, he has always endeavoured to possess himself of the sole government of it; and he has an academic party, who, from a sense of past favours, or the hope of future ones, or, perhaps, the habit of obedience to his superior name, enable him, in general, to effect the objects either of his judgment, his caprice, or his ambition. These people submit themselves to his pleasure, and being prevented by gratitude or hope, from making him an object of envy, are contented, while they admire and regard him, to envy and hate one another.

“ The artist on his right-hand is a man of genius and knowledge, but possesses a kind of impracticable temper, which forbids that coalescence with society, from whence is derived the principal charm of life.

life. He thinks himself the first of his art ; but, not having been so fortunate as to persuade mankind to be of the same opinion, he regards those who rank before him with somewhat of a brutal hatred, and treats, with the most illiberal contempt, that public opinion which has placed them there.

“ The person who sits to the left of the President’s chair, enjoys no inconsiderable estimation as an historical painter ; and, from a certain sanctifying patronage, ranks among the first artists of this country.—He is likewise of opinion, though he never ventures directly to assert it, that his talents leave, at least, all the modern masters far behind him.—He knows also, how, in a quiet way, to praise his competitors, so as to damn the work he applauds ; and to frame his disapproving opinions by such saving clauses, and equivocal expressions, as to cloath the bitter envy of his heart in the garb of candour.—He was originally intended

tended for a Jesuit, and the secret is hid from me how he became a painter.

“ But, instead of entering into the history of those men,” said Don Cleofas, “ who, as they are almost all of them governed by one principle, must produce a general uniformity of character, be so obliging as to make me acquainted with the subject of their present debate ; which, from the animation that accompanies it, on all sides, must relate, without doubt, to some important question concerning the arts, and, by your communicating aid, may not only afford me amusement, but instruction.”

“ You have frequently heard me observe,” replied Asmodeus, “ that a party-spirit is, for many reasons, so natural to this country, that it insinuates itself into every body of men in it ; and, under its universal influence is the present debate conducted.—It has no more to do with
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the fine arts than with magic,—and is produced by an attempt to commit an act of injustice, for which common language has not a name.

“ The Professor of Anatomy has been, for some time, afflicted with a fever, which is said to have been attended with a symptomatic derangement of his intellectual powers ;—and, without consulting his physicians,—without enquiring concerning him of his family,—and without waiting to see whether, when the season of his duty arrives, which is now at a considerable distance, he should be able to perform it,—his premature removal has been proposed, and his successor named; for no other reason but because he had proposed a voyage to the Frozen Ocean, to dissect whales ; upon the principle that, in such large anatomical systems, experiments might be made, which are baffled by the extreme minuteness of many parts of the human frame.—Indeed, such an unjust,

indelicate, and, for it deserves the term, inhuman conduct, may bring to your recollection the ignorant inhabitants of an ancient city, who despised and avoided, as a madman, the philosopher who employed himself in dissecting dead bodies, in order to improve that art which affords so much relief to the distresses of living ones.

“ This miserable plot, however, for it deserves no better name, will be circumvented; and, when the hour of his duty arrives, the Professor will deliver a lecture so replete with ingenuity and science, as to retort the character of a disordered mind on those who wished to remove him.

“ And now for a little city amusement. Though in the different parts and occupations of this great metropolis, we may perceive various manners, habits, and customs, we shall find human nature to be the same, in the peer and the plebeian, in
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the courtier and the trader.—This observation was instantly followed by their flight to the roof of an house near the Royal Exchange.

The first object that attracted the notice of the Count, was a very well dressed man, who was writing in a lower apartment.—“That person,” said the Demon, “is about a very pretty piece of business:—By a few strokes of his pen, and half a minute’s employment of his penknife, he will contrive to put a couple of thousand pounds quietly into his pocket. He is a broker, and is doing nothing more or less than altering a policy of insurance;—but, tho’ the fraud should be perceived,—from the command he has of the under-writing concerns, and the general influence he possesses in the coffee-house where this kind of business is carried on, the money will be paid without any material hesitation:—And, though he may wear his hat a little more over his face than usual, for some

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time

time to come, no one will venture to hint a suspicion of his integrity, or utter a single word that may tend to impeach his credit.

In the lower room of a tavern to the left of us, you may see half a dozen people sitting round a bowl of punch.—They are the clerks of this honest broker, whose customary fees he has thought proper to place to his own account.—This pitiful innovation has occasioned the present meeting; and a spirited genius of the quill, whose courage is a little enlivened by the liquor, is now proposing, when their master shall next enter his accompting-house, to drive him out of it, by a volley of his own ledgers and day-books.”

“ Ah ! poor man,” exclaimed the Count, in a tone of the utmost commiseration, “ he should think of preparing himself for another world, instead of entering so deeply into the concerns of this.
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He appears to be so weak, and his cough so violent, that I am afraid he will expire before you can give me any information concerning him. He is a merchant, I presume, of some consequence, who has been so long in the habits of money-dealing, that he continues it to this moment, when all the wealth he possesses would not purchase him another's week's existence."

"I perceive," replied the Demon, "that you are speaking of that poor old gentleman in his gown and night-cap;—and who can scarce suffer himself to be pillowed and bolstered up to the table, where he has just been paying a considerable sum of money for an annuity during his life."

"Whoever has sold it then," interrupted the Count, "will have a most excellent bargain; for, according to all ap-

pearance, he will never be called upon for the first quarterly payment."

"The feller," replied Asmodeus, "is very much of your opinion;—but he will be most cruelly mistaken; and the granting a few more such annuities, would, in a short time, disqualify him from paying any of them:—For I must inform you, that all this appearance of sickness and debility has been assumed, for several months, in order to purchase the annuity at a very cheap rate; and, the moment that the business is irrevocably concluded, and the parties gone, this poor man's cough, with all his other complaints, will take their leave also:—He will then sit down to a plentiful supper, which he will devour with the appetite of a ploughman; and to-morrow-morning he will appear in a glow of health, and possession of manly activity, sufficient to justify the hope of enjoying his income, not for the narrow space of three years, at
which

which rate he purchased it, but for ten times that period."

"All this," said Don Cleofas, "may be in the way of business;—nevertheless, it appears to me to be downright knavery." "In this kind of transaction," answered the Demon, "any and every manœuvre is considered as allowable.—Indeed, to say the truth, all trade is, more or less, a system of roguery;—and, if it were to be termed the art of tricking, I know not by what logic any one could disprove the truth of the definition.

"In the house opposite to us, you see an elderly man sitting in the parlour, with a woman of his own age; both of whom are employed in looking over a game of drafts between two young women, who are the daughters of this respectable couple.—He is a merchant of strict integrity, whose name possesses all the credit that honourable commerce can bestow upon it.

By an unremitted industry, and a regular course of trade, he has acquired a fortune which will enable him to give each of his daughters a portion of fifty thousand pounds ; and he has educated them to make a proper use of it. He has this morning determined upon marrying one of them to a young merchant, for whom she has some time possessed a secret partiality ; and you may see him smile occasionally at the thought of the young lady's confusion, when he shall present her future husband to her ;—a ceremony which he means to perform at breakfast to-morrow-morning.—The old lady also has her pleasing thoughts, which are busy in cherishing the idea that, before another year is past, she may be made a grandmother.

“ But what a croud of fine people do I see assembled in the adjoining house !” said the Count, “ All the luxury and elegance of high life seem to be collected in that withdrawing-room.”

“ You

“ You may take a peep, also, into the room below,” interrupted Asmodeus, “ and you will there see a number of servants preparing a magnificent supper for this numerous company; in which every delicacy that money can purchase and this great town can furnish, will be displayed for their entertainment. — The elegant young lady, who is bustling about the apartments, and hurrying from one card-table to another, is the mistress of the mansion, and enjoying all the pleasure that vanity can give her :—But, alas, that pleasure is hastening to a period ;—for I must now direct your attention to a back room, where you will observe a gentleman, assisted by several persons, examining a great variety of books and papers :—He is the lady’s husband, and a merchant of very extensive commerce ;—who, from trading beyond his capital, and meeting with some unexpected losses, is on the point of stopping payment. — This melancholy intelligence he will communicate

to his wife, as soon as this splendid banquet is over, and the company are departed ;—so that, instead of going to her repose satisfied with the elegant display of the evening—she will pass the night in hysterics ; and, in the morning, be obliged to quit town, for a country solitude,—where she must remain, till her husband's affairs can be brought into some degree of respectable arrangement.

“ In the very next house you may amuse yourself with the sight of another entertainment, —which also vies, in splendor and elegance, with any you have beheld at the other end of the town.—It is given by a West-India merchant to a West-Indian family, who are just arrived from Antigua. Every thing that can flatter the pride, satisfy the fancy, and attract the confidence of this unreflecting Creolian gentleman, will be exerted by the son of traffic, till he has got him in his debt,
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to a certain point ; and then the face of things will be immediately changed :—No dinners or suppers will then be given, and very little civility exercised.—The merchant, who is now so supple and generous, and is ready to supply every call of extravagance, with a most encouraging readiness, will, at a future period, when the fish is entangled in his net, refuse him the loan of a guinea ;—talk to him in his accompting-house, without taking off his hat, —and, when an extravagant mode of life, —which he himself has promoted, and, for a time, purposely supported, has brought the thoughtless West-Indian to a situation that threatens very serious consequences, —He will then, with great kindness, extricate him from his dilemma, on an assignment of his plantations, or some other mode of security, by which he will clear thirty or forty *per cent.* —Thus he will fatten on his distress, as he has already done on that of so many of his countrymen. Nevertheless, this man is in great credit on

the Exchange of this city—speaks of gamblers as the pests of society,—and will harangue, for hours together, against the horrid crimes of extortion and usury.

“ But, to enliven the scene a little, I will request your attention to a lady sitting at work, in the corner house to the right, with one miserable candle. This economy, however, does not arise from any avaricious principle, either in herself or her husband ;—but from a little domestic resentment of the latter, which I shall relate to you.

“ A few days ago, this gentleman had lent his coach to one of his particular friends, when his lady took it into her head to want it ; and, in consequence of the disappointment, she ordered an hackney-coach, which she pettishly employed, so as to make the use of it as expensive as possible : — When she came home, her good man was desired to pay the fare, as a punish-

punishment for having deprived her of her own equipage; and he, in return, has ever since confined her to the use of one candle, and will continue to do it, till the saving of its usual companion has reimbursed the demand of the hackney-coachman."

"This is a most admirable example for husbands," exclaimed the Count; "and you may add," replied the Demon, "a most excellent lesson for wives.

"In the house opposite to it," continued he, "you may see a bustling little man, who is arranging the articles of his shop; for a reason, which one devil ought to know,—because, perhaps, another devil has suggested it.—He is an apothecary, and is removing all his bad drugs out of the way,—as he expects, to-morrow, the annual examination of his *materia medica*, by the Visitors from the College of Physicians.

cians. The following day his patients will be supplied as usual."

The Devil upon Two Sticks now proposed to change their situation; which was accordingly transferred to the top of a church that afforded a commanding view over a considerable district.

"The quarter to the right of us," said he, "is very much inhabited by the Jews; who were considered, some time ago, as the most crafty people upon earth; but the Christians are so improved of late, as to deprive that race of their most peculiar distinction.

"That old man, who is sitting in an arm-chair by a small fire, in the house immediately beneath us, was once in the possession of considerable wealth; of which only a small pittance has escaped the over-reaching genius of certain Christian young men of quality.

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“ In the large house adjoining, lives one of the same nation and profession ; but he is determined to quit usury, and look to another trade.—He, also, has had very severe losses among young Christians of fashion. No longer ago than last week, he bought an annuity of a gambling man of twenty-five, at two years purchase ;—and, the very next day, while he was enjoying the thought of his bargain, he received the ungracious news that a pistol had put an end to it.

“ At the very next door lives a Christian, who is as great a Jew as any in the neighbourhood :—You may now see him scolding his cook-maid, in a most violent manner, for having dressed the meat so well at dinner, that his clerks eat it all up. By care, industry, good fortune, and such pitiful conduct as he is at this moment practising, he has qualified himself to give his two daughters such fortunes as he hopes will tempt some men
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of family and distinction to marry them.—
A Scotch Lord is, at this time, looking
towards one of the young ladies with a
very keen appetite.

“The principal story,” continued Afmodeus, “of a very large house, before whose door several carriages are in waiting, presents a scene of that justice which avenges itself on wicked men, even in this world, much oftener than is generally imagined.—In that sumptuous bed you may see a sick man, surrounded with physicians, who find his disorder beyond the reach of their skill.—It is not, indeed, in the power of medicine to administer relief to a mind so diseased as his.—He first came up to London, from the West of England, as the driver of a pack-horse;—and he is now one of the richest individuals in this city;—but, unluckily for him, an overbearing demeanour in the affairs of a bankrupt, of whom he was a sort of self-created

created assignee, induced the creditors to offer them to the sanction of a Court of Equity; when this man's conduct appeared to have been not only of the most dishonourable nature, with respect to individuals, but also that he had long been concerned in a very extensive scheme of trade, whose spirit it is to cheat the Government of its revenues.—These circumstances drew upon him such a severe strain of reprehension from the Judge, who happened also to be among his private acquaintance, that, on his return home, he took instantly to his bed, from whence he will shortly be removed to his grave."

"The severity of his affliction, however," said Don Cleofas, "has atoned for his crimes.—When a sense of error has broken a man's heart, justice, surely, is satisfied, and the voice of condemnation should never more be lifted up against him."

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“ The observation is equally just and humane,” answered the Demon ; “ but, in this case, the disorder does not proceed from a remorse for having done wrong,—but is the fever of a wounded pride.—He was proud and ostentatious,—fond of parade, display, and popularity ;—these formed the happiness of his life, and when they were cut up by the roots, he could no longer sustain it. He would have continued to cheat his neighbour or defraud his country without an unpleasant sensation, while he could have done it in secret :—It was the discovery alone that has given the fatal blow, which his physicians regard with despair, and he himself does not wish to survive.

“ But so it is ordered in the affairs of this world, that while one man is unexpectedly taking a last farewell of fortune, another is as suddenly raised to it.—Indeed the example is before us ;—and the
parlour

parlour of that house with Venetian windows offers it to your attention.

“ The young man who sits at the bottom of the table was, within a very few months, the servant of a reputable tradesman who had brought him up from a child; and, as a reward for his faithful service, and an encouragement to keep him in the continuance of it, he had lately married him to a worthy young woman who had, for some time, occupied the capacity of a kitchen maid in his service. In this, or some similar situation, he expected to pass the whole of his life; nor did his unambitious mind look up to an higher station; when he was accidentally seen by a gentleman, while he was filling a pitcher of water at a public pump, who recollected his features; and having questioned him concerning his name and situation, desired a secret interview with him; the consequence of which was, a discovery that his father had left him and a very considerable fortune

fortune to the care of his master, who had appropriated the one to his use, and the other to his service. The gentleman supported, with much spirit and generosity, the rights of the young man, and a prosecution was commenced against the iniquitous embezzler of his property ; who, to save himself from the public and disgraceful exposure of a court of justice, refunded the fortune in question, to the amount of forty thousand pounds. Thus has this very fortunate person left off driving his master's cart, to ride in his own coach ; and the cook-maid, instead of basting the meat of a rascally tradesman, can now give directions to her own servants, with all the science of her late occupation."

" You may be assured," said Don Cleofas, " that I have not been inattentive to an history of such a curious nature ; nevertheless, I could not help observing, during your relation of it, a small card-table party in an apartment hung with crimson ; but
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I am not only at a loss as to the game that amuses them, but also the cards with which they are playing are of a kind that I have never seen."

"I shall not laugh at you," answered Asmodeus, "but I shall cause you, perhaps, to laugh at yourself, when I inform you, that the pieces of pasteboard, which you imagine to be the party-coloured implements of gaming, are nothing more than a number of painted designs of carriages of different sorts, which the master of the house is shewing to his wife and daughters for their opinion. He finds himself in a state of serious embarrassment, and means to set up an equipage, in order to divert the suspicions of people with whom he is connected, from the real situation of his affairs; and, of course, to protract a little, if it can do nothing more, the period of his ruin. But, in the present case, the attempt will not succeed: for this kind of practice has been so common for some
years

years past, that when a man in trade strikes out into sudden display and ostentation, grave men shake their heads,—and the knowing ones hint, among themselves, at an approaching advertisement in the Gazette.

“ But to offer a more exhilarating scene to your view, I must request you to pay a very particular attention to a large company of very merry people in an upper-room of a coffee-house in the street beyond us.—“ It is a very jovial meeting, indeed,” said Don Cleofas; “ and so much real satisfaction beams in the countenances of all the party, that were I not in such company as your’s, I should really wish to be one of them.” “ And it would do your heart good,” replied Asmodeus, “ though you mistake the matter, I assure you. The mirth you now behold does not arise from the natural or accelerated flow of animal spirits,—from the power of wine, or the animation of society, but from a sense of virtue,—

virtue,—the conscious pleasure of doing what is right,—and the admiration that is due to the first of created works,—an honest man.

“ The gentleman at the head of the table, who is now replenishing the glasses of his neighbours, is that exalted character, which, as a Devil, I should turn from with disgust ; but, as your friend and instructor, I shall treat with the respect it deserves.—Some time ago, he was so unsuccessful in his business as to become a bankrupt, and paid but a small dividend of the demands against him. His character, however, received no stain from the misfortune, and that certificate was granted which cleared him of every legal incumbrance. The other day, he was so lucky as to get a very large prize in the lottery ; and, in consequence of his good fortune, he has, this evening, invited all his former creditors to supper, and has prefaced the entertainment, by paying their former claims upon him to the utmost farthing.

farthing. Such a generous, honest, and, as it may well be called, a noble conduct, inspires him with all the joy that arises from the practice of virtue, and fills his guests with that applause which such virtue will ever be found to excite in the breast of every good man.

“As I presume,” continued Asmodeus, “you cannot leave the city with better impressions than at the present moment, we will conclude the evening with a short regale at the other end of the town.”

CHAP.

C H A P. XVI.

The DEVIL upon TWO STICKS discovers to DON CLEOFAS certain Night Scenes in the Fashionable World.

THE Devil had a very pleasant mode of removing his friend from one place to another; and he now bore him away with his usual ease, from a city church, to the roof of a great house, at the west-end of the town.

The first object which attracted the notice of Don Cleofas, was a groupe of ladies elegantly dressed in the drawing-room of an house in an adjoining street. "That is a curious meeting," said the Count, "at least a dozen fine young women, and not a man amongst them."—"They are not," answered the Demon,
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“so unfociable as you may imagine; and are only in waiting for the gallants who may call for them. The house is an elegant brothel, and some curious scenes shall hereafter be discovered to you in this quarter, when I have more leisure for the purpose. At present, I would wish you to confine your attention to the three elderly men, engaged in a very grave conversation in one of the parlours. They are, for certain reasons, free of the house, and get not only women but wine and good eating into the bargain, free of expence. The one is a Lord, the second a Justice of Peace, and the third an horse-dealer.—The noble peer’s life is divided between the brothel and the horse-course; his gambling passion indeed, is indulged in some sort of style, but his libidinous appetites are pursued with a niggardly spirit that his postillion would be ashamed of. While his fortune is strained to procure a superior breed of race-horses, he will turn the poor creature whom he has seduced by promises of bounty

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ty he never intended to bestow, to the prostitution of the street, and leave her to die in beggary and despair. His Lordship and the Justice have just agreed in an opinion, that bawdy-houses are of more use than churches; while the other good man does not attempt to controvert their opinion, but thinks most sincerely that the horse-course is of more advantage to society than either of them.

“ At the upper-end of the street, on the other side of us, you may see a *tête à tête* that is becoming very interesting. The lady is extremely handsome, and her husband is the very essence of politeness, but has for some time past, forgotten the attentions of the lover. In the mean time, she is become very much attached to her present visitor, who is very assiduous in practising them. He is a man of the world, and knows exactly how he ought to proceed. He does not propose to storm the fortress, but to undermine it, and has,

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this evening, made a very considerable progress, by endeavouring to prove the truth of two French maxims,—‘ *Que le nom d’épouse est un titre de dignité, mais non pas de volupté,*’—et ‘ *qu’une faute de plus ou de moins n’est qu’une bagatelle.*’—She begins to perceive a great deal of reason in all he says, and the very next time they meet, I am disposed to think that they will be of one opinion.”

“ In the same street,” said Don Cleo-as, “ I see another private party of the same nature. But the lady appears to be an invalid, and the gentleman is playing a variety of antics, as I suppose, to amuse her; but in a manner which is above the reach of my comprehension:—It is a species of gallantry, at least, to which I am a stranger.”

“ He is no gallant, I assure you,” replied Asmodeus, “ but a medical attendant; who is among the numerous foreign impostors

impostors that leave the poverty of their own country to enrich themselves by the folly of this. He is the professor of a science called Animal Magnetism; and pretends to cure all disorders by the operations of sympathy alone, without any application whatever to the *Materia Medica*. He has his disciples and his patients, and his success also; for in a good constitution, and by the aid of common regimen, nature will frequently do her business without any medical aid, and then the Quack is a perfect *Galen*. Besides, in certain cases, and on certain minds, superstition will operate with no inconsiderable effect. With his present patient he is peculiarly fortunate; for he will have all the honour of a cure which was performed, in a regular way, by a very eminent practitioner, before the lady's impatience demanded his intervention. The disorder was already subdued, and every symptom was dissipating, when he came with his gesticulations, to gain the credit of con-

juring away a complaint which did not wait for his arrival. The fellow, however, knows what he is about—carries on the absurd system of Empiricism with a grave face, and confines his laughter to his closet and himself.

“ The person whom you see in the adjoining house, so busily employed in looking over papers, with a secretary writing beside him, is a foreigner, who, some time ago, enjoyed a very considerable distinction in his own country; and was employed, by his sovereign, under the pretence of new modelling the public finances, to maintain the despotism of the Crown, and to add new links to the chain that already fettered the people.—The design, however, though conceived with admirable skill, was discovered;—and the King, whose particular interests he was promoting, at the expence of the nation, was forced to quiet an incensed people, by dismissing him from his service, in a manner the most humiliating to a sensible mind.

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“ An exile from his own country, he very wisely took refuge in this; and brought with him, or, perhaps, had sent before him, a fortune sufficient to enable him to live in that style of splendor which will always fill his house with plenty of fashionable people.—Among many of them he is very well received; and has been admitted to Court :—But, that the King of a free country should receive a man into his presence-chamber, who has been degraded, as an enemy to the progress of freedom, in a despotic country, is a novelty in Court-etiquette, that can be reconciled only by the political eccentricities of the present moment.

“ The lady, whom you see lolling upon a sofa, and talking rather familiarly to her footman, is the wife of a veteran officer, who has added many a laurel to the glory of his country.—She, however, is of opinion, that a young dragoon is a more heroic character than an old Marlborough.”

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“ That, I should presume,” said the Count, “ is an opinion by no means peculiar to her.—But whence does that round of convivial merriment proceed ? My eyes look around in vain for the source of it.”

“ By taking the other side of the chimney against which you lean,” answered the Demon, “ you will perceive as merry a set as have ever met together since the flood ; and the cause of their present meeting is not, I assure you, in the common course of jovial associations.

“ It is an assembly of *bons vivans*, who have long been accustomed to live together in the habits of an abandoned life.—The gentleman, with a very red face, who sits at the head of the table, is now enjoying their society for the last time.—He calls it his last supper ; and has invited his old friends to the pleasures of it, that he may take a characteristic farewell of them : Nor will he quit the company till it is time for

for him to return home, in order to attend his bride to the altar. Before another sun has gained its meridian height, he will be a married man.—The lady knows his present engagement, and laughs at it, because he has solemnly promised her that he will never repeat it; and he will keep his word.—Indeed, she is among the very few women, who may hereafter assent to the truth of the proverb—that reformed libertines make the best husbands.

“ Rakes, however,” continued Asmodeus, “ do not make the best wives; or, at least, that is the opinion of the nobleman on whose hotel we have taken our present station; and he is, at this moment, engaged in a project to cure one of the most lovely women in the kingdom of rakish dispositions and rakish connexions.

“ She has, for some time past, frequented the house of a certain lady, where, it is thought, she can learn no good; and whose parties she seldom leaves before day-

day-light.—Her noble husband and her family are equally alarmed at such a conduct,—and she has this day been assured by the former, that if she did not return home in future by a certain hour, that the gates of her house would be shut against her.—That hour is now past, and the threat will be fulfilled:—When she arrives, the porter will inform her of his orders, and that he must obey them.—After a little fruitless violence, she will order the coachman to drive to her father's, who, in expectation of such a visit, sits up to receive her;—and, it is pre-determined among them, for the whole family are in the plot,—that, after much assumed backwardness on the part of her husband, and a great deal of submission and promise of good behaviour from her, she shall to-morrow evening find her own gates open to receive her.” “It was rather a dangerous experiment,” said the Count, “with a beautiful, lively young woman of her rank.” “It was so,” replied Asmodeus; “but
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in great designs, whether domestic or political, success answers every objection.

“ You may now indulge yourself with another scene between man and wife, in that large house with a balcony window. They are two very amiable people, who most cordially hate each other; and, of course, ought not to live beneath the same roof. To say the truth, the lady is humane enough to wish for a separation;—but he, at present, withholds his consent, for the pleasant purpose of tormenting her with more convenience. You may see him in the lower room, where he has just taken his supper, in order that he may have an excuse for not ordering one at the brothel where he is going to pass the night. She is in the upper-floor, preparing for her bed-chamber, and exulting in the idea that he is not to be the companion of it. To give you an idea how these curious people live, I will tell you what has just happened.—

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When he had scraped every morsel of meat from a blade-bone of mutton, he sent it to his wife with a message, ‘that there was a bone for her Ladyship to pick.’ On which she replied to the servant, ‘tell your Lord that he is no more the father of his eldest son, than you are—and there is a bone for his Lordship to pick.’—“And the more unpleasant one of the two,” said Don Cleofas, “if there is any truth on it.

“But in the upper story of an house at some distance, I see a man in a loose filken dress, hurrying up and down his chamber as if he were disordered in his senses.”—“Speak softly, if you please,” said the Demon, “for should he overhear you, it will be scarcely in my power to protect you from his vengeance.—He is an author, and is, at this moment, labouring beneath the impulse of inspiration.” “Then I suppose,” replied the Count, “that he is writing a tragedy, and, in order to aid his genius, has put on the dress of the charac-

ter he is composing :—Such an original idea can not but be attended with the happiest effects.”

“Tragedies, now a days, my good friend,” answered the Demon, “are not written with all this difficulty :—No, the obstetric powers of his genius are at work in composing—a paragraph for a newspaper. He enjoys the honourable office of writing for a daily print, and will actually produce, after an exertion of another hour, a most violent Philippic of three lines and an half. The cause of it is as follows :—

“The young man had, by some means or other, got a ticket of admittance to the masquerade of a lady of fashion, from whence he is just returned ;—the domino, as you see, still adorns him. Half the town attended it, and all were perfectly satisfied but our hero ; who does not conceive that any body should dare, in this land of freedom, to give a masquerade, without giving a supper ;—and he is de-

terminated to employ the liberty of the press, to chastise the insolence of a lady, for taking the liberty of giving such an entertainment as she thought proper, in her own house."—"But, surely," exclaimed Don Cleofas, "such a scribbling imp—" "Be not so angry with the poor man, I beseech you," said the Demon; "he has some reason to be discontented at not having a supper, for he was the only person who attended the entertainment, without having had a dinner."—"But is there no mode," demanded the Count, "of chastising these pen and ink assassins?"—"Newspaper paragraphs," replied Asmodeus, "may be so formed as to convey the most injurious malice, without being within the reach of the law; and, if sticks or kicks should be employed against the writers of these sentences, the law will consider itself insulted, and revenge them. The generality of people, therefore, avoid them with contempt, or soothe them with civility:—But they have little reason to be flattered with attentions, which are
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shewn them on the same principle that a well-dressed man gives the wall to a chimney-sweeper:—he does not chuse to be blackened by him.

“ But I shall reserve the history of Newspapers to a future opportunity, (it is a leading feature of the present times, and must not escape us) and recommend your present attention to something better.”

“ That gentleman,” said Don Cleofas, “ who has just sealed up a packet, and is laughing very pleasantly by himself, already interests my curiosity.”—“ He is,” replied the Demon, “ a man of equal worth, fortune, and good-humour:—He has been employing the last half hour, to use his own expression, in cheating his last will and testament;—and it is this conceit which occasions the mirth that attracts your notice.—I will not accuse you of any want of comprehension, by not understanding what all this means:—But the fact is—he had left five thousand pounds
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in his will, to one of his friends, to whom, he has discovered, that the immediate possession would be of the greatest service ;— he has, therefore, scratched his name out of his will, and inserted it in his banker's books.—Thus, by giving in his lifetime, what he originally intended should be given after his death, he considers himself as committing a fraud upon his last will and testament. But this is a deception, believe me, with which we devils have nothing to do.—It is, to say the truth, a stroke above us.—And, by way of compliment to you, with this singular artifice we will finish our present excursion.

“ To-morrow we will renew our progress,—for much yet remains to be discovered to you.—In their due course I shall introduce you to the Court of the Sovereign, and the two Houses of Parliament ; the gaols, and Bedlam ;—the courts of law, and the infernal regions.”

END OF VOL IV.



